

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

MAY 1863.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ANOTHER WORD TO THE THREE KINGDOMS,	1
MIRIAM'S SORROW, BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL,	9
CHAPTER XLIV.—A WINTER'S WALK.	
" XLV.—A SOUL AT REST.	
" XLVI.—THE LAST.	
WOMEN OF MERIT APPEARING IN CRIMINAL TRIALS—JOAN OF ARC,	
BY SERJEANT BURKE,	25
ROUNDAABOUT LETTERS ON STRATFORD-ON-AVON—No. 4, BY	
J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S.,	37
SILENCE, BY ZENO,	42
I SHALL NOT TELL HER NAME, BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON),	47
WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE, OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE, BY	
MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY,	49
CHAPTER XIII.—CHRISTIAN CHARITY.	
" XIV.—SPLENDID MISERY.	
SPRING BY LEILA,	57
THE MERRY LITTLE MOUNTAIN STREAM, BY J. A. LANGFORD,	60
OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND"—PART THE SIXTH—THE SURPLUS	
WOMEN. THE OLD DELUSION. STILL OF THE WIDOW AND THE	
ORPHAN: OF "GOOD MEN AND TRUE,"	61
A RAMBLE IN SOME SCENES OF FACT AND FICTION, BY JOSEPH HATTON,	70
THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR ASLEEP, BY M. I. H.,	76
WORKING MEN AND THEIR HOMES, BY JOHN PLUMMER,	77
RULING THE PLANETS, BY CUTHBERT BEDE,	79
QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES, EDITED BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY,	91
CHAPTER V.—A HELPING HAND.	
" VI.—A TREACHEROUS CALM.	
THE LADY'S LITERARY CIRCULAR—A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY	
WRITTEN BY WOMEN,	102
OUR ORCHESTRA STALL,	106
CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND GENERAL EVENTS—MARCH,	109



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* * *The FIRST and SECOND VOLUMES of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*" Magazine may now be had, handsomely bound in Embossed Cloth, gilt edges, price Seven shillings and sixpence.

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In the next number (No. XIV.) will appear the opening Chapters of the new Serial, "*THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.*"

NOTICE.—*The Proprietors of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE" MAGAZINE beg to announce that, after the 25th of May now next ensuing, they will remove to more extensive premises situate "31 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH," where, after that date, all communications are requested to be addressed.*

✂ We have to explain away a slight mis-conception which has arisen from the words employed in our March No. respecting "*QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES.*" With the one fact before us that the *old* Serial Story of "*MIRIAM'S SORROW,*" would shortly be concluded, we announced, that a *new* Serial Tale, edited by Archbishop Whately, was commenced. By an oversight we did not, at the time, think the word *new* would be applied in the sense of original: but as it legitimately bears that meaning we beg to add further, that "*QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES*" is not quite new but was published several years ago, a very limited Edition being printed; that shortly after such issue the publisher failed, and the work therefore fell to the ground; that the book is now out of print, and that in *introducing* it to the public, under its original name, and under the same distinguished Editorial care, we have consulted our Subscribers' interest and pleasure.—Ed. R. S. and T.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of rejected Contributions. Authors are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

MAY 1863.

ANOTHER WORD TO THE THREE KINGDOMS.*

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

THE FIRST anniversary of a birth is not unusually celebrated with great joy, much gratulation, and many hopes.

Is the babe healthy, strong, flourishing? handsome—Madam, *cela va sans dire*. Has it in the twelve months of its babyhood realized the expectations that its coming created? does it promise well for the future and warrant the tender confidence of "mamma," that a long, a useful, and an honourable career lies before it?

Such are the questions that often, nay almost always, present themselves to the watchful and anxious minds of those most interested in the infant's welfare. That they are as often answered in a flattering affirmative, every parent's heart will probably confess.

And now, dear Readers—ye of "THE THREE KINGDOMS," or rather the *Tria-juncta-in-Uno*—who have extended a cordial welcome to "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," partly for love of the associations connected with its name, if mainly for its intrinsic and growing merit, we desire to remind you that our Magazine has not only completed the first year of its existence, but is now entering upon the second, so full of life, vigour, health, and laughing

* Vide A First and Second "Word to the Three Kingdoms," May and October 1862. (Vol. I. pp. 1, 481.)

spirits that any diffidence or blushing on the side of its nearest relatives would be out of place when drawing attention to a fact of which the curious stranger in Great Britain and Ireland may, at very small cost and with some certain profit, assure himself.

On the First of May 1862, "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE" made its débüt: it was confessedly an experiment, and its purpose was unselfish. A woman's trusting, hopeful heart conceived the project of ensuring a regular supply of "work" to the female apprentices and compositors of "THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION," THE CALEDONIAN PRESS, EDINBURGH, by adding another to the shower of periodicals that, on the first of every month, rains down upon the land the flowers and fruits of literature, poesy, and romance. The programme of this trusting and hopeful heart; what it sought, asked, and dared to believe would be accorded by "a generous British Public," was duly detailed in the "*Word to the Three Kingdoms*" which introduced the bashful candidate to the startled eyes of the Boxes, Pit, and Gallery of the Theatre, on whose boards it was to be henceforth an actor,—perchance "*a Star*." The difficulties and discouragements that beset the realization of the idea were referred to in the "*Second Word*," that announced the completion of the first volume: progress was reported: and sanguine hopes were expressed that "*the experiment*" would prove "*a success*:" that the world of readers who dip into the pages of a Magazine would find it a pleasant and not profitless addition to the number of favourites,—and that the female staff of THE CALEDONIAN PRESS would, in "full work" and an overflowing treasury, have reason to rejoice in the enterprise of their courageous Directress.

Here, at the close of the "Second" and the beginning of the "Third" volume, it is the writer's gracious office to tell of the happy results that have waited on the venture, thanks to the zealous co-operation of a gifted corps of Contributors, to the sympathizing encouragement of the Press, and the generous appreciation of the Public.

Two volumes of the Magazine "*Printed by Women*" were completed on the first of April; and in continuing their labour of love, the Projectors and Publishers avail themselves of a time-honoured usage to speak of what they have done and of what farther they

mean to do. A cursory glance over the numbers of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE" will satisfy the inquirer that, for variety, interest, and importance of topic, the periodical will bear comparison with competitors that, longer in the field and sustained by the proudest talent of the country, have grown old in the favour of the Public.

Prose, poetry; novels, tales, essays, sketches, snatches of travel; biography, criticism of books, pictures; the Opera and the Theatres; a current history of literary and scientific events: matter for the grave and the gay, for the deep thinker and the light reader; for men and women whose object is not merely to kill time while waiting for dinner or to fix their eyes on a printed page as they whirl along in the express train, but who care to find something in unison with their own higher thoughts or suggestive of things, worthy to be pondered by the intellect, which they had not before considered: Of such is the staple of the Magazine, edited and printed—"by Women."

While it has been studiously remembered that the humours and inclinations of mankind are multifarious, and that a banquet to which the many are invited should present a *menu* so judiciously composed as to include a *bonne-bouche* for each of the guests, the Projectors of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," have never lost sight of the fact that THE CALEDONIAN PRESS and the Magazine which it issues, have their origin in a *desire to facilitate the means of self-support to women who have, or may have, none to work for them*. To teach the art of printing to females was to add one to the two or three honest industries by which they can maintain themselves; and to supplement the resources of "THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION" in Edinburgh, by the publication of "a Monthly" which should embrace the most popular features of the higher class of periodicals, while careful to retain the graver, was to enable the advocates of this "*Woman's question*" to serve it practically and vitally by keeping it ever before the eyes of a generation too busy, and too heedless it may be, to note the necessity of entertaining it.

The way to that success which has crowned their efforts, and which they proudly and gratefully acknowledge, was not altogether strewn with roses; and it may be permitted to one wholly uncon-

nected with the interests at stake, but moved by sympathy and the force of conviction, to speak of the personal sacrifice, the risk of capital, the toil manual no less than mental, the abiding courage and the trusting hopefulness even in seasons of discouragement, by which the lady under whose benevolent feeling, clear judgment, and ever active supervision *the work was begun* and is now flourishing, purchased the footing that she has secured for her protégées.

When Her illustrious patronage was accorded to "*The Caledonian Press*," by HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, it was, on the part of that benevolent and enlightened Princess, not only a recognition of the soundness of the principle that women should be qualified to assist themselves in the path of honest industry, but also a high testimony to the character of the Institution thus honoured by the protection of the august Mother of HER MAJESTY. Nor was it less significant when, with marked interest and more than ordinary condescension, our beloved QUEEN deigned to accept a presentation copy of the early numbers of "*THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE*."

"I have the pleasure to inform you that they have been very graciously accepted by HER MAJESTY.

"It is hardly necessary for me to add that it gives THE QUEEN much pleasure to hear of the progressive success of this and other efforts for extending the sphere of the Employment of Women and their consequent means of self-support."

"By Command," so wrote Col. the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, to Miss Thomson of "*The Caledonian Press*," in July 1862. And with these words of eloquent import to inspire them with confidence; with this right royal encouragement, precious from THE SOVEREIGN but thrice dear and valuable as a proof of the womanly sympathy with her sex that is never wanting in our QUEEN, Miss Thomson and her co-adjutors may hope to hold their own; and may calculate upon rallying to a good cause—a noble charity if people will so have it—a large majority of those who in this Country have hearts to be touched and minds capable of conviction.

That the example set should invite imitation,—that the countenance bestowed on the Magazine by the highest Personages in the Realm, the increased attention and favourable notice of the leading Reviewers and the measure of success

indicated by the completion of two volumes of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," and the commencement of a third, should induce others, more or less pledged to the same object as *The Caledonian Press*, to walk in their steps, far from being matter of soreness or inquietude, will be cheering as a sign that the vineyard shall not lack zealous labourers nor the vintage fail to be abundant. Monopoly is a fraud; and there is room for all fair and honourable competition in life. With the most earnest desire that they—who, like themselves, are devoting time, talent, and capital to procure the admission into new and profitable employments of women charged with their own, their parents', or their children's support,—shall, each on her own ground and in her individual capacity if best, steadily move forward to the accomplishment of the end proposed, the Projectors of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," frankly and cordially extend a hand of welcome to the new comers. The struggle between them, if any, shall not be one of petty jealousies, of miserable heart-burnings and animosities, but a generous rivalry to do the largest amount of good to—"les pauvres femmes." That the claimants of their sympathy will, under the fairest aspect of their fortunes, have their full share of this world's troubles is perhaps a bitter certainty, but there is a Spanish proverb which, with more than a savour of truth to recommend it, tells us that "*Duelos con pan son menos*," or, as "done into English" for the benefit of those who do not read *Don Quixote* in the original, "*Sorrow with a morsel of bread is not unbearable*."

The third volume of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," will present fresh claims to the favour of the Public. While enlarging its table of contents, it will preserve the best features that have hitherto characterized the Magazine, and, in all its integrity, that particular one which renders it *par spécialité* the practical illustration of the theory that it advocates. It will continue to be *printed by women*: and its contributions will be mainly from the pens of women, the most gifted and the most qualified to maintain the standard of literary excellence aspired to, and to promote by their genius, intellect, and opinions, the grand object for which this periodical was started and *The Caledonian Press* exists.

The attention of the Reader is invited to the typographical

accuracy and beauty exhibited throughout the pages of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE:" to these marks of perfection in the Printer's art, full and generous tribute has been rendered by the Gentlemen of the Press, and the effect of the encouragement thus given to anxious, perhaps trembling, expectants, learning a novel employment not as an amusement but as a *trade*, can be correctly estimated by themselves only.

Of the talent displayed in the articles which make up the contents of the Magazine, the Reviewers have spoken highly: many of the papers have been noted as bearing the unquestionable stamp of genius; and some have been selected for the purpose of quotation in the columns of the public journals in Edinburgh, London, and the provinces. It is no small triumph to be chosen for praise and reference from the huge and increasing pile of periodicals, Weekly and Monthly, that in the present day threatens to break down the table of the Editor, exhaust his courtesy, and provoke his temper. "*Miriam's Sorrow*," and "*Woman in Daily Life, or Shadows on every Hill-side*;" two Novels or Serial tales of varied style and interest, not spasmodic, neither, in the modern acceptation of the word, "sensational," but each marked with the sign-manual of practised talent, are in progress: others will be early commenced. Among the shorter prose pieces are some valuable contributions by Archbishop Whately, marked by the logical acuteness of the Right Rev. Prelate. A series of papers, under the title of "*Our Six-Hundred-Thousand*," upon a subject of the highest social importance which finds its fitting development in the pages of this Magazine, have particularly recommended themselves to the thoughtful, are being continued, and it is hoped, will help to throw broader light upon a question but partially discerned or too feebly discussed. The lover of Shakespeare will hail with pleasure the "*Roundabout Letters on Stratford-on-Avon*" addressed to the Editress by the veteran AUTHOR of "*The Literature of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*;" and the general reader, no less than the student of mental phenomena, will peruse with vivid interest, the articles from the accomplished pen of MR. SERJEANT BURKE, bearing the attractive heading "*Women of Merit appearing in Criminal Trials*," the first of which enriches the present number.

Of the "Poetry" which, thanks to the finer appreciation of the Editress and her orthodox resolution to resist the iron tendencies of the age, springs up, here and there in her pages, fresh and fragrant as tufts of cool violets at the feet of forest trees, we must be permitted to remark that "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE" can boast its share of the Muse's favours. Some noble verses and exquisite lyrics will be found scattered through the numbers; and to the happy few who have escaped the fossilizing influences of these prosaic times, we venture to hint the secret. All is not yet "*Iron*" or "*Iron-clad*;" nor, impudently simulating granite and marble, are bricks-and-mortar, Roman cement, and plaster-of-Paris yet accepted by every throbbing heart and kindling brain as compensation for the face of nature, the minstrelsy of the woods, and the breath of Parnassus.

"What's in a name?" "*Everything*;" and in deference to the wisdom of the day we call attention to the roll of writers in "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE." Giving the place of honour to the ladies, we may cite with peculiar satisfaction, the names of MRS. ADOLPHUS F. CAREY, Honorary Member of "*L'Académie des Sciences, Arts, et Belles-Lettres*" of Caen; MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL; MRS. SCHENCK; MRS. EDWARD THOMAS; and MISS SHERIDAN CAREY; and of the male Authors, THE RIGHT REV. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY; J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S; MR. SERJEANT BURKE; SIR LANCELOT CHARLES LEE BRENTON, BART; LORD WILLIAM LENNOX; ADMIRAL HERCULES ROBINSON; CAPTAIN LASCELLES WRAXALL; ALBANY FONBLANQUE, Junior; CUTHBERT BEDE; REV. G. E. MAUNSELL; E. H. DERING; S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON); JOHN PLUMMER; J. C. TILDESLEY; J. A. LANGFORD; W. C. BENNETT, LL.D; H. KAINS JACKSON; JOSEPH HATTON; and JOHN LODGE ELLERTON, M.A.

These are sufficient to mark the high standard of the Magazine, but the critical ear will detect the ring of the kingly metal in many articles either anonymous or bearing a signature or *nom-de-plume* that shall one day become famous.

Our "Word" is nearly spoken. It remains but to thank the public of "THE THREE KINGDOMS" for the reception given to "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, and THE THISTLE;" to assure them of the health, strength, and joyous spirits of the babe that, graced with

the glorious triple-name, made its appearance before them this day twelvemonth; and to promise on its behalf, the very best behaviour, good looks, good words, and good works, so that its friends in England, Ireland and Scotland, o'er-sea and at the Antipodes, shall open their doors to it with never-flagging pleasure and eagerly introduce it to the circle of their acquaintance.

To the Editorial Corps who, almost without an exception, have lent it their powerful support, the deepest acknowledgments are due: and to the eminent writers who, many as volunteers, have ranged themselves under the banner blazoned with the Imperial symbols, it is but proper to publicly declare a debt of gratitude not easily discharged.

We pause and bow to "THE THREE KINGDOMS." Great events have taken place since we last addressed them: a Princess of the blood, the second daughter of OUR QUEEN and ALBERT THE GOOD, married, like her Sister, to the man of her choice, is happy not only as a Wife but as a Mother: may the infant grand-child born to our beloved Sovereign on the morn of the great Festival of Easter, be to Her widowed heart a messenger of joy. Again: the bells have rung; the cannon thundered; the people lifted up their voices; the Empire shouted like one man with gladness:—the Heir to the Crown, a Prince whose youth is the brilliant gage of a manhood illustrious as that of His Sire, has found a Bride, young, beautiful, gracious and gifted; a Princess who has come amongst us to capture our affections and to remain the object of our loving allegiance and our dearest hopes. The light of another day is bathing the Isles: joy will, ere long it is hoped, revisit the scenes whence for a season it has been banished. Buds, and bloom, and aromatic odours of leaf and flower shaken from the sprays by the gentle zephyrs and the glistening showers of spring, remind us that *the winter is past*; and that henceforth golden sunshine, skies of tender azure, clouds of silver, the verdure of the fields and the glories of creation gladdening once more in the revival of nature, invite *even the wounded and the weary* to happiness and peace.—DEAR READERS, *au revoir*.

E. S. C.

April 15th.

MIRIAM'S SORROW.

BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A WINTER'S WALK.

I HURRIED to take off my walking dress on Porson's departure, and then, as it was close upon dinner time, went down to the drawing-room expecting to find mamma.

John Livingston was there alone, released a little earlier than usual from those apparently endless business matters in the surgery, and waiting, as he said, in the hope of my coming in before the rest. What had detained me up-stairs so long?

"I have not been up-stairs ten minutes, John. Mrs. Howard's man-servant was here when I returned from my walk, and I had to answer a note from his mistress, and to stay some little time talking to him."

"Oh, indeed—then Mrs. Howard is at home again?"

"Yes, she arrived last night and has written for me to go to her. She wants me for the whole day to-morrow, and has offered to send the carriage for me at any hour I may name. Kind, is it not?"

"Oh, very—you will no doubt have a pleasant day."

"I hope so. Pleasant days are not so common that there is any fear of one's getting satiated with them. It will be so nice too to have a warm carriage to go in. I don't know that I should have relished a solitary walk over those cold fields."

"You would not?"

"I think you are a little absent and pre-occupied, John. What is the matter?"

"Nothing—there is never anything the matter with me."

"No? Then you are a very fortunate person indeed—only it would be as well if your face always expressed this state of seraphic content. Now, for instance, unless you had assured me to the contrary, I should have imagined there was something rather serious troubling you. Your looks are not what one might describe as jolly—they are not really, John."

He laughed a little, but it was scarcely a genuine or a mirthful laugh, and now I came to think of it, the time seemed very long since

I had heard my old friend indulge in one of those hearty, enjoyable, and strangely infectious laughs for which he had once been so renowned. But he did laugh after a fashion as he replied to my teasing :

"You *will* have the truth out of me I suppose, Emily, therefore I may as well tell you first as last. The fact is Mr Verney had just informed me that he should not want me at all to-morrow, and I had been thinking that we might have had a good long walk together—for the last time. I was sorry to hear that you were going out—that is all."

"Oh, I am relieved to find it is nothing worse. The loss of a walk, especially with the snow upon the ground, and a north-east wind blowing the very breath out of you, is not a very serious grievance: you will get over it, John."

"I am very sorry to have missed it, nevertheless," he said gravely.

"But where could we have gone this bitter weather? you forget that it is not summer, or even spring or autumn now. Hampstead Heath, I suppose, you would scarcely recommend."

"What a teasing mood you are in, Emily—the anticipation of to-morrow has put you in good spirits."

"Do you think so? well, perhaps it has; but you have not yet told me where we could have gone if I had been disengaged. You must have had some idea in your own mind."

"No, not as to place. I thought it would be pleasant to be with you, and a sunny memory to carry with me into the wilds of Somersetshire, the unknown land to which I am bound. You walk every day, Emily, in spite of the cold. Might we not have been content with some of your favourite haunts?"

"I have no favourite haunts at this season, John. I wander hither and thither without aim or object apart from the laudable ones of getting some red into my cheeks and some flesh upon my bones. If you come to see us next summer—"

"Next summer!" he exclaimed, interrupting me very rudely—"who can look forward to so many months! who can tell what will have happened before next summer comes. The *now* is all we can call our own, and experience teaches us the wisdom of catching at every chance of happiness, however brief, that flits past us in our life's journey, because we cannot reckon upon ever getting the same chance again."

"I don't admire your wisdom, John," I said, shaking my head gravely at him—"nevertheless, since you object so strongly to my proposal of waiting till next summer for our walk, I think I will

accept your invitation for to-morrow. I am not going to Wilton Place—only you jumped to conclusions with your usual impetuosity and allowed me no time to tell you I had declined Mrs. Howard's tempting offer, carriage and all."

He did not say a word, not even so much as "thank you," but his face expressed exactly the proper amount of satisfaction, and during the whole of dinner time he was once more, to the astonishment of everybody, the gayest of the gay.

Perhaps it was because I sat near him and imbibed unconsciously a few of his electric sparks that I too felt lighter of heart, more buoyant of spirit, than I had done for a considerable while. Now that John had ceased to be my lover, made no pretension to so distinguished an honour, I enjoyed his society extremely. I cannot say why or how it was. He certainly was far from a brilliant young man—he was not even an imaginative one; he had not read a vast deal; he had never travelled except to Schwartz and back, and his range of acquaintance, beyond our own immediate circle, was very limited, indeed. Impossible, you would naturally say, that, under such circumstances, he could be an agreeable companion. And yet he was—to me, at least; and as I had never in all my life been the tiniest bit in love with him, I suppose my opinion was worth as much as another person's. I think it must have been the simple goodness and genuine humility of his character that attracted me. He had none of the affectation or pretension that I had seen in so many men—instead of exaggerating he mistrusted his own powers of pleasing, and consequently was not occupied about himself at all.

It is a pity that every one who has a strong desire to be liked, to be sought after and considered "charming, agreeable, attractive," should not understand wherein the secret of attaining this enviable popularity really lies. Just put self out of the way, in any obscure corner where there is no fear of even the hem of his garment being discernible, and your conquest over men's hearts will be a certain thing. John did it naturally and instinctively, because he really was a humble-minded, unselfish person—but a great deal may be accomplished by less worthily-gifted mortals if they will only practise the hard lesson—it is very hard at first—of thrusting number one into the background, and, by these means, leaving the heart and mind free to take in all the interests, all the joys and sorrows, all the hopes and fears, of sympathy-craving humanity.

* * * * *

We had walked for nearly three hours, regardless of the cold, indifferent to the want of attractiveness in the wintry landscape,

heedless of the road we took, wholly absorbed in our pleasant talk of old times, and in the imaginary sketch we each drew of the other's future.

According to John, I was to remain for five or six years single, and then marry (*not* for love) an amiable, well-to-do country gentleman, perhaps a clergyman, whose parish I should look after in the most exemplary manner, being not only the lady bountiful, but a sort of improved ministering angel amongst a grateful and admiring people.

And according to me, John was, after a few months' constant intercourse, to fall in love with and marry the sister of the gentleman whose partner he was about to become. We neither of us, it is true, had any idea of this lady's age, but we knew she kept house for her brother and would continue to do so when John was installed as a member of the family.

"Well, Emily, you will come to the wedding, I hope," he said gravely—"I could ill dispense with the society of so old a friend; besides I shall want your opinion of my bride; I estimate your judgment rather highly."

"Thank you, John—I will certainly come if you make haste and get the wedding over before my extensive parish duties begin; and by the bye I trust you will not be too much occupied at the time *my* little matrimonial affair takes place, because I should particularly like your opinion of my bridegroom. How does he strike you in prospect?"

"Oh, I am short-sighted you know, Emmy, and consequently a bad judge of distant objects. I think, however, the gentleman's bald head is atoned for by the mild expression of his countenance, and his rather portly figure unheeded in the benevolent accents of his voice—"

"Oh, please don't let him be too benevolent, John," I said hastily; and whether John understood me or not he laid aside his light tone as he replied, with an almost imperceptible pressure of the hand resting on his arm:

"No, Emily, he shall have no undue preponderance of any quality—he shall be all that even *you* can wish."

"And yet I am not to love this admirable creature, John. Do you know I feel a little tender towards him already, bald head and all. Can't you let me love him, you very eccentric old John?"

But John's laughing mood had been suddenly scared away. For a minute or two he did not reply to me and I knew by our abruptly accelerated speed that he was fathoms deep in thought.

I did not care to interrupt him. I was rather tired of talking

nonsense myself. I had spent upon the whole a pleasant morning, but the reaction was coming now, and I wanted to be at home and alone.

Having got into a fit of musing too, I was startled considerably when John, bringing us both to a dead stop, looked earnestly into my face, and said—

"Emily, are you happy?"

"John, what a question to set my heart dancing about. I thought you were going to exclaim 'Your money or your life!'"

"Dear Emmy, be serious for a moment. This is no doubt the last opportunity I shall have of saying a word to you alone. I put my question foolishly and abruptly; but I think you understood me. Remember, Emmy, how very, very long we have been friends, and how hard it is for some natures—for mine—to cease to feel an interest in those persons who have once inspired it. I don't think I am exacting—I should be deeply grieved to appear inquisitive or over bold—but I have seen you suffer, and suffer bravely."

His voice faltered a little; poor, tender-hearted, affectionate old John! and I hastened to arrest his reminiscences by saying:

"Speak without fear. What is it you want to know, John?"

"Only, Emmy, whether you are beginning to be happy again, nothing more."

His voice, so full of anxious disinterested affection, touched me even more than his words.

"Indeed, yes, John," I said, making a great effort to conceal all but the simple wish I had to set his mind at rest—"can't you see for yourself that I am."

"I hope it perhaps too strongly to see it very readily, Emily—I must try to take your word."

"You may, John. I never willingly deceive."

"And next summer, if I live so long, I shall come to Wildwood and ask you the same question again. Mr. Verney has invited me."

"You will be a welcome guest at all times, John. We none of us want you to go."

"I shall remember that you have said that, Emmy, when I am miles and miles away from you. Poor little Emmy! you are looking tired and pale—shall we return home?"

This was, as John had predicted, our last walk, our last conversation together. I said good-bye to him two days later in the presence of all the other members of the family. He was not in very jovial spirits that morning, but his manner was singularly composed and quiet—much less expressive of excitement or

agitation than it had been on the occasion of bidding me farewell six months before.

I was as little in love with John Livingston now as I had been then—less indeed, inasmuch as I had done with love of that kind for ever. And yet I felt the parting from this good, true friend, almost as deeply as I had felt any previous trial.

CHAPTER XLV.

A SOUL AT REST.

I did not know until my arrival at Nice (whither Mr. Loder's family had preceded me) that Mary was suffering from an incurable disease, that there was not even a remote chance of saving her. Up to the very last moment the father and mother had cherished hope—who is there that will abandon this without the most piteous struggles?—but now they knew and confessed the truth, and bearing it however bravely, their hearts seemed well nigh broken.

Here was real, agonizing, legitimate sorrow for me to contemplate day after day, to measure against my own, and in other and yet more serious ways to be admonished by, if I chose to take the lesson to heart.

Mary herself was dying as she had lived—patiently, uncomplainingly, resigned entirely to the will of Him who through this present suffering was calling her to His eternal rest. The first time I had ever seen her she was singing—

“Be hushed my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.”

Now she manifested her full acquiescence in the purely Christian sentiment, and proved to all around her that she had not believed in vain.

I was very, very glad to be with her, to feel that my presence was a comfort to her, to watch the soft smile stealing over her pale face when I took my seat by her couch and drew one of the little attenuated hands into mine. At such times I could not help comparing *this* sufferer with the last I had done my best to nurse and soothe. What a wide, wide gulf between them, between the poor child of earth beating her heart to pieces against the rock of human passion, and the happy child of God resting her soul upon that perfect and illimitable love which would never, never fail or disappoint her.

I thought a great deal of Miriam as I sat by Mary Loder's sick-

bed, and my thoughts of her were never free from a brooding shadow to which I could give no name. She had written to me once in answer to the letter I addressed to her before leaving home, but I could only gather from this that she was surrounded by kindness and affection, and that Mrs. Howard and herself were the warmest friends. Of her health she spoke only in general terms, and as if, in ceasing to be her nurse, she supposed I had ceased to take any special interest in her physical ailments.

I did not speak much of my cousin to Mary Loder. It seemed to me that there would be a want of propriety, an unfitness altogether in bringing before the mind of this dying girl a history so fraught with life's stormiest emotions as that of Miriam had been. And then too I could scarcely have told *her* trials without giving some suspicion at least that my own had been blended with them, and it was not to ask but to bestow sympathy that I remained in this house of mourning.

On my first joining her Mary had touched with infinite delicacy on the subject we had been in the habit of discussing figuratively during my first sojourn amongst them. She had divined intuitively that the fairyland I then talked about had faded altogether out of my sight, that I was once more walking, weary and foot-sore, upon the hard, stony earth; and in accents of the gentlest persuasion, holding out a sister's hand of love, she had said "Come into *my* land of flowers and sunshine, and see if you cannot there find rest."

By and bye I was enabled to talk to her freely and unreservedly of that blessed land, and of my own hopes of having discovered the road to it; and from this time our intercourse was sweeter than words can tell, leaving me, when all was ended, with the impression of having enjoyed more *real* happiness, watching by Mary Loder's dying bed, than I had ever done at any former period of my life.

It was so good to see that a Christian's faith can bear the hardest test, and enable the weakest soldier of the cross to exclaim, even in the swellings of Jordan,

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"

It was a long and, externally, most dreary winter—the longest and dreariest I had known even in England—but its close found me still at Nice, helping in some poor and inefficient way to soothe the bitter anguish, that in this world might never be wholly overcome, of a childless and desolate mother. Mary's steadfast regard for me, manifested increasingly as her end drew near, had given me a claim upon the affection of her devoted parents that I felt sure I should not easily lose.

I was beginning to have some yearnings for home and England, but I had quite made up my mind not to leave my friends until time and change had done a little towards the healing of the almost mortal wound they had received.

I went with them to their Swiss home amongst the mountains, those mountains their lost darling had so fondly loved, and here I stayed contentedly till the snow had nearly melted from the earth, and the voices of singing birds filled the air with music, and the young, tender green came upon all the rustling trees. Then my longing for my own dear English lanes and fields became so apparent that Mrs. Loder discovered it, and told me it was time for me to go.

I believe, however, I should have trampled upon my own inclinations a little longer had not a communication from my sister Janet made it clear to me that my duty and my wishes pointed for once in the same direction.

As the reader has already seen one or two of Janet's epistolary productions, I may hope that his patience will not be too severely tried in getting through another, especially as it will be the last.

Here it is :

"My dear Emily,—I have scarcely a moment to write to you, my whole time being taken up in *incessant* attendance upon my *master*, who becomes more exacting and more *difficult* to please every day. But papa says I must write just a line to let you know that mamma having been *laid up* with a bad *cold* nearly all the winter, is now too *debilitated* to give her *usual* attention to domestic duties, which means of course that she cannot *fly* up and down stairs *all day long* as she has been in the habit of doing. I think this is rather a *good* thing for the servants, as well as for herself! But papa says that, *under the circumstances*, you ought if possible to come home and *help*. I have no doubt you are much better off where you *are*, for Wildwood has for this long while been *duller* than the north *pole*, but we must all go or stay where *duty* calls us, and I know you think too much of duty and all that *sort of thing*, to hesitate about the matter. We have heard nothing of Miriam since the beginning of last month, when papa *accidentally* met her and Mrs. Howard taking a very *early* walk in Covent Garden *market*. Papa had gone there to buy some *asparagus* for mamma, as it was the only thing she *fancied* in her illness. He thought Miriam looking far from *strong*, but she spoke cheerfully and *appeared* quite *happy*. I am sure I hope she *is*, though her conduct *altogether* has not been *that* of a very prudent or *circumspect* young lady!

"We have received from Carrickfergus the *delightful* news that Letty is about to become a *mother*. She is *fearfully* disappointed that I cannot go to her this spring, as *originally* agreed upon; but, then, as she says, Mr. Clyne has every *right* to me by virtue of our *contract*. No doubt Miss Letty *thinks* too I shall never *marry*, and that the *large fortune* I am to have will come in *nicely* by and bye for the little Murrays! She may find herself *mistaken* even in *this*, though of course I have no time at *present* even to think of such a thing.

"And speaking of *marrying*, reminds me that we had a visit lately from a lady who had been staying at that place in Somersetshire where John Livingston is *settled*. She knows him very *well*, and told us that the common report of the town is that he is *engaged* to his partner's sister, a very *pretty* girl whom John takes to church *every* Sunday and is *otherwise* most attentive to. If this is true, and I see no reason why we should *doubt* it, I suppose we shall soon be receiving wedding cards and *cake*. I wonder whether the bride will wear a *veil* or a bonnet.

"Mr. Clyne is ringing the house down, so I must conclude hastily. You had better write to papa and tell him when he is to meet you.—With love from all, I am, my dear Emily, your very affectionate sister,
JANET VERNEY."

I left my kind and valued friends the next day, and made all possible haste to England.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAST.

I did not find very much to do at home when I arrived there. Mamma was certainly not well, but she had no inclination to resign the keys of office into my inexperienced hands. She said too that I must have had enough of dull work for a young girl where I came from, and that since we were getting into the fine weather I was to go out and enjoy myself.

So when I had been about three days at Wildwood, I started one lovely morning to pay my long deferred visit to Mrs. Howard and Miriam.

Porson opened the door for me, and sprang back as if he had by accident admitted a ghost, as soon as he took in the astonishing fact of my identity.

"Quite well again you see now, Porson," I replied in answer to his very respectful inquiries; "shall I find Mrs. Howard up-stairs?"

"I believe so, Miss Emily. Will you be pleased to walk up. My mistress is much better than we have known her for years."

"That is good news indeed. And Mr. and Mrs. Stephen?"

"Pretty well too, Miss Emily—at least I hear nothing to the contrary, and we seldom have a doctor now. I think Mr. Stephen is out this morning."

Very wide my good-natured conductor flung open the drawing-room door, and very loud and clear and cheerful was the voice in which he announced as he stood on the threshold:

"Miss Emily Verney."

"My dear child, my dear Emily! what a glad surprise."

And before I could see distinctly who it was that thus addressed me, Mrs. Howard had taken me into her arms and was kissing me in her old, impulsive, and most affectionate way.

Miriam rose more leisurely from a stool on which she had been seated at the elder lady's feet, and, embracing me cordially enough, said how pleased she too was to see me once again.

"And looking quite yourself, Emily," she continued—the red my sudden entrance had excited fading gradually from her cheeks—"as handsome and almost as blooming as you were when I first came to your father's. You have not long been in England?"

"Three days only. I came here the first moment I could."

"And to spend the day, of course," said Mrs. Howard beginning to untie my bonnet strings; "this is the least compensation you can make us for running away at Christmas without so much as a farewell word. Tell her she *must* stay now, Miriam."

"You mean to stay, don't you, Emily?"

"Yes I think I do, if you both really want me."

"Which you surely do not require us to repeat again. Why, you are like a sunbeam flashing in upon the quiet, shady life my little Miriam and I are leading here."

"Will you come to my room," said Miriam—"and lay aside your bonnet and cloak; you must be tired if you walked over the fields."

I acquiesced at once—I wished to be for a few minutes with Miriam alone—and she preceded me, without any further observations, up-stairs.

When we were inside her room I closed the door myself, and then sitting down as if I was preparing for a long gossip I asked her more particularly about her health than I had yet had time to do, and expressed a fear that she had found the long winter very trying.

"I have not found it lively if you mean that," she answered,

and (as it seemed to me) rather fretfully—"but my health is good enough, I suppose. By the bye, Emily, how strange that you should not yet have inquired for Stephen."

I looked up at her quickly. Was it possible that the old jealousy had revived again the very first moment of my appearance? Assuredly her eyes drooped as I gazed at her, and before I could speak, she said with a feeble attempt at gaiety: "You know, all young wives are sensitive concerning any forgetfulness of their husbands."

"I had not forgotten him, Miriam," I replied very quietly. Person was good enough to give me information about the health of each member of the family—Stephen is out this morning, I hear."

"Oh, yes—I can't expect him to be always with me. It is a dull house for a young man. I have nothing to complain of; he is the kindest husband in the world, and Mrs. Howard is more than a mother to me."

"Perhaps you begin to feel the want of society?" I hazarded this suggestion, because Miriam's face and voice both betrayed, in spite of her words, that she was not really happy.

"Oh no," she said immediately—"I should dislike society as much as Mrs. Howard does, on my own account; perhaps Stephen would enjoy it."

I thought this too probable, to venture upon any reply to it, and in another minute Miriam said again:

"When you were living here I suppose it was the same. I mean I suppose he did not stay very much at home?"

I might think Miriam weak and foolish, but there was a look in those large, sad eyes of hers that still had power to touch me deeply, stamping as it did the word *reality* on the pain they unconsciously expressed.

"You forget, dear," I answered, stroking her hand as it tattooed nervously upon the elbow of my chair, "that I was not altogether three weeks in this house with Stephen. In travelling he was necessarily our constant companion. Mrs. Howard would not have permitted him to escape."

"True," she said, rising suddenly and hastening to lay out brushes and combs for my use; "and now, Emily, perhaps you had better arrange those golden tresses of yours and come down to Mrs. Howard in the drawing-room."

As soon as I was there, seated beside my kind friend, and with my hand affectionately clasped in hers, Miriam, on some excuse of hastening the luncheon, stole away from us.

"Poor child, poor restless child!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, when the subject of her commiseration was quite out of hearing—"she is off now to her husband's study where she will probably wander up and down like a troubled spirit till his return. Since I have known Miriam, Emily, I have felt that my own past trials were light. One sharp pang in which the heart dies for ever, is better in my estimation than a perpetual series of little poisoned darts in which the sense of acute feeling is still kept alive and exposed to a dilated torture which if compressed as mine was, would destroy at a single blow. If I *must* be stretched upon the rack I would rather they put on the screw tightly and broke all my bones at once, than be wound up by slow degrees and allowed to die by inches."

"What is Miriam's grievance now?"

"How like you, Emily, to come to the point at once. My dear, she has no outspoken grievance at all—there's the mischief of it. If Stephen knew what she wanted, he would, speaking figuratively, compass earth and sea to procure it for her. He is a good husband, Emily, but he ought to have had a wife less inordinately fond of him. Miriam has too much sense to expect or even wish him to be tied to her apron strings, and yet she is miserable and restless whenever he is out of her sight."

"And when they are together?"

"Oh, then she is usually content, and appears to enjoy a quiet happiness (I have never seen her gay) that makes up I suppose in some degree for her suffering at other times."

"Is Stephen a great deal from home?"

"No, really he is not, considering how little variety that home presents to him. In a month or two, if Miriam's health permits, we shall go abroad again. I am sure the poor child requires a change."

"What do you think of her health generally?"

"I think it is very delicate, but we have hopes at present which, if realized, may make an important improvement in every way. A child would divide her heart with Stephen, and render both her and himself infinitely happier."

"Is she very anxious to have a child?"

"Less anxious than her husband—less anxious even than I am. In fact her whole nature as yet is penetrated but with one idea, one sensation, one absorbing interest—and that is Stephen."

I had guessed as much; and yet I agreed entirely with Mrs. Howard in fervently hoping that Miriam would become a mother.

After luncheon, as Stephen did not make his appearance, we

all took a drive in the Park, Miriam gazing earnestly from the window the whole time, and Mrs. Howard almost as earnestly gazing at her.

It was not difficult to discover the secret of the lady's improved health and spirits. She had been roused entirely out of herself and her own sorrow by having Miriam and Miriam's *present* cares to think about. Perhaps too it might have been a satisfaction to her conscience to bestow a mother's affection upon the daughter of the woman she had undoubtedly cruelly injured. In any case, Mrs. Howard's cure was complete; there would be no more occasion for her to study milk-boys or to scribble over pages of foolscap in the vain attempt to express what language never *can* express—the anguish of a true heart that has been deceived in those whom it blindly trusted.

Stephen met us at the door on our return, happily not forgetting to speak a low word of affectionate greeting to his wife, even while bestowing on me a very cordial welcome. He appeared surprised as well as glad to find me looking so much like my former self—the best of men *are* surprised that they can ever be forgotten—and he told Miriam laughingly that she had better not propose his kissing me now, as he might, on the slightest encouragement, get into a habit of it.

Need I say that Miriam while bearing his jesting with tolerable heroism, obeyed him to the letter?

The dinner and the short evening that followed it went off admirably, and at ten o'clock Mrs. Howard sent me home, attended by Martin, in her carriage.

Circumstances prevented our meeting again while the Howards remained in England, their departure being hastened by the doctor's advice in reference to Mrs. Stephen. And here I may say, as my narrative draws to a close, that in due time a little child—a fair blue-eyed boy resembling his father—was given to poor Miriam to love and cherish. For a brief space the feverish passion of her heart spent itself upon this new idol, this tiny image of the husband she had so long permitted herself to worship; and then came darkness and desolation in the home that had scarcely grown familiar with its novel happiness. The child died, and the mother learnt by that one bitter stroke the danger and the sin of making earthly idols. In their mutual grief the husband and wife were drawn closer together than in reality they had yet been, and though from Miriam's peculiar nature she would never go through life with calm pulses or a perfectly tranquil heart, she came out of the furnace of affliction purified and sobered, and deeply anxious that

both her husband and herself might be led to those fountains of living waters concerning which it is promised that they who drink therefrom shall thirst no more.

To me the years that followed the events I have recorded went by slowly, though not unhappily. I managed to surround myself with duties at Wildwood which did not necessitate the abstraction of mamma's keys, or the usurpation of her dominion in the household. Mr. Clyne's increasing infirmities rendered our home quieter and duller than ever, as he could not bear a sound to reach his room, nor to have his nurse a single half hour—except for absolutely necessary air and exercise, which papa insisted on—away from him.

Janet endured it all exceedingly well, for, fool as Mr. Clyne had once pronounced her, she had contrived so far to get at his weak side that he supplied her with money very liberally, enabling her not only to dress better than any young lady in the neighbourhood, but actually a few summers ago to send poor Letty—poor now in every sense of the word—the long coveted object of her girlish ambition—a real lace shawl!

To do Janet justice, I believe she derived more pleasure from making this gift than from the acquisition of any of the personal luxuries which Mr. Clyne's bounty placed within her reach.

I can only hope that her patience and her bodily strength may continue to the end. As far as one can judge from outward appearances the man who came to us in a dying state (as he himself said) so many years ago, is as likely to live to a green old age as a thousand others who have never had an ailment since they were born. As a rule, I think people do live a very long time whose deaths would not be greatly lamented in the world.

Every year, since the year he left us, John Livingston has come to spend a few weeks at Wildwood—it has been the only break in the extreme monotony of our lives. Generally, he has contrived to make his visit when the lanes are green and when he and I can ramble about all our old haunts and talk of the changes the slowly passing seasons have brought with them. His partner's pretty sister has been married some time to a gentleman she was engaged to when John first knew her. There had been about as much truth in Janet's information as there usually is in reports from country quarters.

Every summer I think I have welcomed John more gladly, and seen him depart with keener regret. Unconsciously to myself he has been growing into my heart as a friend thus grows with whom

all our early and most innocent associations are connected. I have made no new friendships, and as years go on I cling to that old one, my first and truest, more and more.

This last summer I certainly felt less pain than usual in bidding him farewell. I did not shed a single tear either while he could witness my foolishness, or afterwards in the privacy of my own room.

I am going to explain how it happened, lest my reader should think there was any change for the worse in poor old John.

We had spent three weeks very happily together, for it had been a lovely, lovely summer, with fairer skies and brighter flowers than I remembered for very long—but the end of John's holiday had come, and I could ill conceal how sad I felt at the thoughts of his going away from me again. One more entire day, and then that hard word must be spoken, and another whole year must elapse before we could meet again.

He did not claim me for our usual walk till the morning was half over. He and papa had been gossiping together in the surgery which I certainly thought bad taste on John's part, considering how brief a time he had now to remain.

"You must forgive me, Emmy," he said, when at length we had got into our favourite hawthorn lane, "for keeping you waiting for me this morning. I would not have done so voluntarily, as I think you believe. Your father had a little matter of business to discuss with me. Can you guess what it was about?"

"How should I, John. I know nothing in the world of business."

"Well, then, I must enlighten you. He has asked me to give up my present partnership in Somersetshire, and take his place and practice here. He says that both himself and your mother are getting old, and will be glad to retire to a small cottage he has his eye on in the neighbourhood. I was very much surprised, for it never struck me that Mr. Verney had grown a day older since I first knew him."

"What nonsense, John. We are all growing old as fast as ever we can. Do you know I found a grey hair—such a fine specimen too—in my own head this morning."

"A grey hair, Emmy!" he exclaimed, turning suddenly to look into my face, and speaking in a tone of deeper feeling than the occasion seemed to demand—"then surely I have waited long enough for your old sorrow to wear out—surely I have waited long enough for my wife. May I at length claim her?"

I was too much startled by his extraordinary abruptness, too

much agitated in every way to have any immediate power of replying to him. And John, once having broken the ice, once having shown me what was in his heart, rapidly and passionately went on :

“ Emmy, I have been very patient. I have endured something during all these long years. I have never for a single instant ceased to love you as fondly and devotedly as I loved you at first, but even if you had been willing to accept me, I would not have asked you to be my wife while the shadow from a past attachment (I know the attachment itself died when it should have died) rested on your heart. I want your love as well as yourself. You must be all mine ; I cannot do without you. Even at Wildwood—dear old Wildwood—my hearth would be sad and desolate without my little Emmy. You cannot guess what you are to me, what you have always been. I want you, Emmy—my best and dearest—my home will want you. Speak to me now, one word, my darling, my love—say you will come.”

He must have felt the beating of my heart as his arm clasped me for the first time with a lover's clasp. And yet a sense of calm, of rest, of entire thankfulness and satisfaction filled all my being. I knew that as John's wife I should have as fair a chance of happiness as ever fell to a woman's lot ; I knew that he had learned to seek those better things which I sought, and over and above this conviction, I loved him very dearly, and believed there could be no higher privilege for me on earth than that of passing my life at his side. I had not many words at command just then, so I only laid my hand, which trembled a little, in his, and said—

“ I will come, John.”

THE END.

WOMEN OF MERIT APPEARING IN CRIMINAL TRIALS.—JOAN OF ARC.

BY SERJEANT BURKE.

THE dazzling course of Joan of Arc, which passed like a meteor of salvation over France, was as rapid as it was brilliant. The "Maid" first presented herself and announced her sacred mission to the Governor of Vaucouleurs in May 1428, and she perished in the flames at Rouen in May 1431; her battles, her triumphs, her imprisonment, trial, and execution all occurring within the space of three years. She was seventeen years of age when, mounted on a splendid charger and clad in glittering armour, a white plume waving from her helmet, and the holy sword of St. Catherine suspended at her side, she unfurled at Blois the banner of Christ; she was nineteen when she was publicly burnt to death. The shout of exultation which hailed her appearance at Blois, as a being descended from Heaven for the special deliverance of her country, was re-echoed through the whole of France, to the utter dumbfounding and subversion of the English. Two years elapse: the Maid is at the stake; the English mob that surround the blazing pile, curse and revile her as a fiend and witch. The sad news passes through France, and yet Frenchmen are inactive on her behalf and have not a word to say.

All this is marvellous of itself; but it becomes unintelligible, in the unexplained account of her career given by most historians and familiar to us all. Yet a moment's search into the politics and popular feeling of the period throws much light on the whole—much light, I say, but not the whole light; for, I am nowise ready to assert that there was not something of a sacred character in the inspiration of Joan of Arc. The ways of God are inscrutable, and all who take every word of the Scriptures to be the word of an unerring truth, are divinely taught to admit, in such an event as the salvation of a great people, the intervention of an Omnipotent power. Joan's intelligence beyond her years and station, her almost superhuman knowledge, her military science, and her prophetic and truly foretelling language, all of undoubted record, cannot be otherwise accounted for on ordinary grounds. In further proof of this, the very appearance of such a being at such a moment—an appearance clearly accidental as far as men were concerned—would seem to be of miraculous occurrence. Nothing could have happened more admirably apt to the state of things to be acted on. The fair creature came, as it were, just the creation for the circumstances. The result showed this. Joan's inspiration may be hard to explain but her enormous influence cannot but be naturally accounted for by all. The age of these terrible wars in France

was peculiarly an age of superstition. Education had scarcely gone beyond the ecclesiastical body; most of the better classes of the laity and the whole mass of the common people mingled their religion, for religious they undoubtedly were, with superstition. It was an age of absolute belief not only in things holy, but in things magical and supernatural. What then could be more likely to arrest the conquering spirit of the English, and rouse the depression of the French, than this marvellous and sudden appearance on the scene of a maiden armed in shining steel, and triply armed also in her beauty, her purity, and her holiness—an agent proclaimed and thought to be coming from God to save His fair realm of Christian France. "I come," she said, "from the King of Heaven," and they believed her. The effect was instantaneous, irresistible, immense. Bedford, Suffolk, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, Talbot, heroes the like of whom England had seldom seen, were paralyzed in the very midst of victory. Vain all their valour and their talent. Their troops fell back terror-stricken and would not fight, for they viewed in Joan the arm of God raised against them. On the other hand, the chivalry of France rose up, as if touched by some magic wand. Charles the Dauphin, about to seek refuge in Scotland, stopped, and called once more Dunois, his best warrior, and D'Alencon, Xaintrailles, La Hire, Richemont, a knightly throng, all worthy of knightly fame, around him. "Noel! Noel!" cried the people, "God is for France again." What ensued is too well known to need detail. Orleans taken; Talbot and his host crushed at Patay; Charles VII., according to the Maid's promise, anointed and crowned King of France in his Cathedral of Rheims, amid the acclamations and tears of joy of his subjects—all this was the work of Joan, and when it was achieved, as if following out the inspiration of a divine mission, she wished to retire. Human counsel forced her to remain, and though what she had done could never be undone by the enemy, she personally paid the forfeit of yielding to man's advice. She was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, and was foully sold to the English.

Here again two matters are left unexplained by historians; viz., Why the Duke of Bedford, the English Regent of France, a chivalrous and amiable Prince, should, in an age not given to cruelty, subject Joan to so horrid a death; and why Charles VII., a good monarch, and his people, a brave race, should so utterly desert her. The reasons are obvious. The Duke of Bedford, though merciful, was politic, and having captured Joan, saw but one way to remove her sacred *prestige* from his terror-stricken army, and that was proving, by a trial and conviction for heresy and sorcery, that Joan was not a minister from above, but the servant of the enemy of mankind. With her very seizure, the charm attached to her had in some measure been broken, and when the Duke, aided by a renegade Bishop, had her publicly held out as a witch, such was the feeling of that superstitious age, that not only the English but many French ceased to regard her with respect while the charge of sorcery hung over

her. King Charles himself dared not urge his own people to save her. In fine, from the moment of her taking, Joan was lost. One power, indeed, alone could and probably would have saved her, namely, the interference of the Pope; the Papal authority, in those days, being the only chance an individual had to resort to against princely or popular fury. In what here follows, it will be observed that Joan repeatedly desired to appeal to Rome, but her crafty judges always contrived to avert the possibility of her doing so.

Joan therefore may be said to have been sacrificed—First, To the policy rather than the severity of the Duke of Bedford, aided by the unjust and illegal help of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction; secondly, To the fury of the English people; and thirdly, To the cowardly superstition of the French, who no longer believed her a heavenly champion.

The following is as brief an account as possible, consistent with clearness, of what happened to Joan after her capture.

On the 25th May 1430, news arrived at Paris, then in the power of the English, that Joan of Arc was taken, and public rejoicings were ordered, Te Deum was sung in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, and bonfires were kindled throughout the city. The joy of the enemies of the Maid, was in proportion to the terror which her exploits had occasioned. Her name alone had caused the desertion of the soldiery to such an extent, that the Regent found himself compelled to issue a proclamation against those captains and soldiers who were terrified by what he called the enchantments of Joan of Arc.

Shortly after falling into the hands of her foes, Joan was sold by the Bastard of Vendôme to Jean of Luxemburg, Comte de Ligny, General officer of the Duke of Burgundy, to whose sole custody she was in consequence committed. Bedford's policy now began to interfere. Ligny soon received an application from Brother Martin, who assumed the title of Vicar-General of the Inquisition of the Faith to the Kingdom of France, directing him to place the unfortunate girl under his cognizance, as she was strongly suspected of many crimes savouring of heresy and sorcery. In the first instance, Jean of Luxemburg sent his prisoner, guarded by a numerous escort, to the castle of Beaulieu. The saints by whom Jean asserted she was favoured told her in her dreams, that it was requisite she should see the English monarch. This she wished to avoid, and therefore sought means to effect her escape. She succeeded so far as to quit her chamber, by making an opening between two planks. Her intention was to shut up the guards within the tower, and to gain the open country; but the keeper of the castle chanced to cross her way. No sooner was she observed by this man, than he gave the alarm, and she was immediately compelled to re-enter her prison. She supported this misfortune with becoming patience, saying "That, apparently, it was not the will of God she should that time escape, and that it was decreed she must see the King of the English, as her voices had told her."

This incident, or some other motive, determined Jean of Luxemburg

to despatch his prisoner to the Castle of Beaurevoir, where his wife and sister resided, who received the unfortunate girl with every mark of consideration. Those ladies were well aware that the English sought every means of sacrificing the Maid, and that one of the grounds of accusation alleged against her was the change of her apparel. In consequence of this, they offered the Maid a dress suited to her sex, and invited her to wear the same. Jeanne d'Arc, however, refused in firm though gentle language, observing: "I shall not quit the vestments I wear without the permission of God." Joan, it will be remarked, throughout thought that her manly armour gave her a more than human power. However desirous the hostesses of the Maid appeared to sympathize with her in her captivity, they had it not in their power to alleviate all its rigours. She was not permitted to range at liberty through the Castle of Beaurevoir. Joan remained at this fortress for about four months; and her greatest affliction was the danger to which the war exposed the inhabitants of Compiègne, and the inability she felt of affording them the smallest assistance.

Bedford's policy might still have failed but for the appearance of another personage of infamous conduct and memory upon the scene. This was Monsiegnieur Pierre Cauchon (he should be called Cochon, from his piggish and brutal cruelty), Bishop of Beauvais, a Frenchman who had deserted France and sold himself to the English cause. The Church all but disowned him, and the French abhorred him. He was the very tool Bedford wanted. The Archbishop of Rouen, not submitting to the English power, had quitted his Archdiocese, and Cauchon, a suffragan Bishop and a renegade to his allegiance, ruled there in his stead. Cauchon claimed the Maid as being her rightful judge, the capture having been effected in the territory thus subject to his jurisdiction; and, slavishly obeying Bedford, he strenuously insisted upon having her sent before his tribunal. Superstition helped his purpose. As soon as ever the University of Paris had learned that Joan had fallen into the hands of the Burgundians they wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, requesting that the young girl might be cited before an ecclesiastical tribunal, as suspected of magic and sorcery; and this learned body likewise addressed Jean of Luxembourg upon the same subject. Pierre Cauchon undertook to be the mediator between Jean of Luxembourg, the Duke of Burgundy, and the King of England. The latter, provided that the Maid were placed at his disposal, agreed to pay Jean of Luxembourg a very large ransom, which was stipulated at ten thousand francs in the negotiations set on foot for that purpose. Luxembourg disgraced himself for ever by accepting the sum and giving up his prisoner; in spite of the urgent solicitations of his wife, who conjured him, for the sake of honour and humanity, not to surrender to certain death so interesting a sufferer, who, according to the laws of war, was entitled to honourable consideration. The poor girl had charmed, by her innocence and holiness the ladies of Beaurevoir, but all intercession was vain.

When Joan learned that she was sold to the English she again resolved to hazard everything to regain her liberty. She, therefore, threw herself from the tower wherein she was confined, not only to avoid the dreaded moment that was to consign her to her enemies, but to fly and afford succour to the besieged city of Compiègne. She was very much hurt by the fall, and lay, without any signs of life, at the foot of the ramparts. When restored to recollection she knew not where she was, nor in what manner she had been conveyed to the spot in which she then found herself; so that those who attended were under the necessity of informing her she had thrown herself from the tower. She persisted for three or four days in refusing to partake of food; but comforted at length, as she stated, by the advice of St. Catherine given to her in a dream, she went to confession, and humbly craved pardon of God for what she had done; after which she ate as before, and was in a short time restored to perfect health.

Joan was conducted to Arras for the purpose of being delivered over to the English officers, and thence sent to the Castle of Crotoy. In this fortress was incarcerated an ecclesiastic of great talent, who was Chancellor of the Cathedral of Amiens: Joan regularly attended the service which he daily performed.

The celestial emissaries by whom La Pucelle conceived herself to be visited, never ceased, as she stated, to offer her necessary consolation; and what they had announced in respect to the assistance which the inhabitants of Compiègne were to receive, actually occurred within the period prescribed.

The result of the deliverance of Compiègne was the immediate re-occupation of Gournay, Pont Saint Maxence, Longueil, Breteuil, and many other places, by Charles VII.'s forces, as well in the province of Picardy as in the Isle of France; and a signal victory obtained on the plains of Germigny, by the justly famous Pothon de Xaintrailles, completely re-established the glory of the French arms.

Bedford all the more thought, the sacrifice of Joan would redeem this series of misfortunes, and thus he carried out his plan.

The University of Paris forwarded two letters upon the subject, one to the Bishop of Beauvais, and the other to the Kings of France and England. It would be difficult, says Villaret, to conceive a more artful plan than that pursued by the Duke of Bedford and the English ministry, who, by this means, caused themselves to be entreated to perform an act, the perpetration of which they most ardently desired. They were anxious that Joan's death for sorcery should be attended with every degree of publicity; and it was therefore their policy to throw the odium of the crime upon the French nation, thus thinking to exculpate themselves by covering cruelty with hypocrisy.

Although disarmed and loaded with irons, Joan still excited great terror among the English; and to such a pitch did this prevail, that the British Government published an act, stipulating that all warriors

who should abandon their colours through dread of the Maiden were to be tried by an English council. Orders were at last issued that the trial of the unfortunate girl should commence as soon as possible, under the miserable hope of thus restoring courage to the British forces, of defaming Charles, and inspiring his partisans with terror.

Joan was removed from Crotoy to Rouen, and imprisoned in the great tower of the Castle, which still exists, and is named, after her, *Tour de La Pucelle*. Here she was treated with a rigour that amounted to cruelty. Some authors affirm, that for a certain period she was shut up in an iron cage. It is certain that the depositions of the smith who made the cage were taken in the process reversing her sentence; he affirms that the cage was weighed and delivered by himself, in presence of a witness. It has also been remarked, that at the commencement of Joan's captivity, the inhabitants of Rouen were permitted to see her in the prison; but that she was soon after kept in complete seclusion, and thus remained until her trial took place. One incontrovertible fact is, that the feet of the wretched captive were confined in iron fetters; and that a chain, encircling her body, was attached by means of a lock to an immense bar of wood. This was all in pursuance of the policy that would have her treated as a witch. Witch, however, she certainly was not, even in the legal sense of the term; for, in justice to Joan, it should be observed that she never, at any time, laid the slightest pretension to necromancy, magic, or sorcery. She merely declared that she received her inspirations and prophecies in her meditations and her dreams; and, when we consider the heated imagination of the girl she might be strictly telling the truth. By the subsequent reversal of her sentence, it was publicly admitted that she had relied on naught but the will and power of God.

At length, on the 3d of January 1431, the King of England issued letters-patent, authorizing the process to be instituted against Joan, wherein it was expressly stipulated that the prisoner should still be retained, even in case she was not found guilty of the acts for which she was put upon her trial. By this means, says M. Laverdy, the King of England only lent her to the ecclesiastical judges, in order that they might decide whether or not she was to suffer the punishment of death.

A tribunal was instituted. Some judicial forms were resorted to; but this was only for the purpose of tarnishing her reputation, and publicly vilifying Charles VII. for accepting her assistance. It was obvious that she had been bought by the English; and it is now incontrovertibly shown that the Judges were paid to condemn her. This last iniquity is proved from curious documents preserved in the priory of Saint Martin des Champs, authentic copies of which are to be found in the Public Library at Orleans. These proofs are handed down in letters-patent and ordinances of Henry VI., styling himself King of France and England, relating the payments made to the doctors who assisted in the process (whose names agree with those transmitted to us by history), and likewise containing the receipts for the sums that were paid to them.

The deliberative voice was vested in only two judges. One judge was Monseigneur Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a licentiate of Civil Law, who was installed in his bishopric in 1420 by the Burgundian faction, and who had been made one of the English Privy Council in France. The other Judge was Jean le Matre, of the fraternity of Preachers, a Bachelor in Theology, Vicar of Jacques Graverand, and bearing the title of Inquisitor-General of the Faith in France.

Jean de la Fontaine, a licentiate of the Canon Law, had to act as counsellor and examining Commissary. Jean Joseph, or Guillaume d'Estivet, Canon of Beauvais and Bayeux, was constituted Proctor.

The notaries were, Guillaume Manchon, a priest, public notary of the Archiepiscopal Court of Rouen; Guillaume Colles or Coles, a priest, surnamed Bos Guillaume or Boys Guillaume, also a public notary of the same Court; and Nicolas Vasquel, filling a similar office.

Jean Massieu, priest, who, was one of the curates of the parochial church of Saint Candide at Rouen, was nominated ecclesiastical beadle or verger. His duties consisted in issuing writs and summonses, conducting Joan to the tribunal, escorting her back to prison, and giving notices to those assessors whose presence was required at the sittings.

Besides the judges, many assessors, or counsellors, were engaged who had merely a consulting voice; some of whom assisted at the first sittings, and not at the subsequent ones, and others attended the concluding assemblies who had not presented themselves at the commencement of the process. It appears that this portion of the tribunal consisted of all the doctors who could be compelled by force to assist in this most iniquitous proceeding. The following are the names of the most conspicuous, either on account of their reputation, or of the parts which they performed during the process. Gilles, abbot of Fecamp; Nicolas de Vendères; Nicolas Loiseleur; Nicolas Midy; Pierre Morice; Thomas de Courcelles; Jean de Castillon; Jean Fabry; Guillaume Erard; Isambert de La Pierre; Jean Beaupère; Jacques de Touraine; Martin L'Advenu; Jean Tiphaine; the Abbé of Saint Ouen; Jean Lohier; and Cérard Feuillet.

It will be observed that not one Churchman of real high rank except Cauchon, nor a single lawyer of position, assisted at the iniquitous investigation. On the day appointed for the commencement of the trial, the Bishop of Beauvais, accompanied by forty counsellors, or assessors, repaired by eight o'clock in the morning to the Royal chapel of the Castle at Rouen, where Joan was ordered to attend.

The Bishop of Beauvais opened the sitting, by causing the royal letters-patent to be read to the tribunal, in virtue of which La Pucelle was to be arraigned before him and the Doctors whose opinions had been taken. The proctor Estivet then set forward, that Joan was cited to appear for the purpose of answering interrogatories of right, to which it was intended she should be subjected. These preliminary steps taken, the verger was sent to bring forward the persecuted prisoner. Joan had

frequently demanded to have judges named on the French side ; but as soon as she appeared before the tribunal every precaution was taken not to mention that request. In order to divert the attention of the assisting doctors from the just demand preferred by the accused, the Bishop of Beauvais, on the arrival of the prisoner, began a long harangue upon the subject of the process instituted against her.

The process commenced on Wednesday, the 21st of February 1431. The first step taken by the accused was to demand that as many ecclesiastics should be summoned on the part of Charles VII. as on that of the King of England, and that she might be released from the irons with which her ancles were loaded. At the unexperienced age of nineteen years, it may be reasonably supposed she would be in need of some friendly advisers ; but such assistance, when requested, was refused. An oath was exacted from Joan that she should declare the truth ; which she took without any apparent reluctance, only demanding that no inquiry should be made respecting her secret communications with the King of France, which, she stated, she had never revealed to any one, nor would make them known, even though death should be inflicted for her silence. On this point Joan continued inflexible, notwithstanding the repeated interrogatories proposed to her respecting it. Her loyalty to Charles and France seemed part and parcel of her very soul. The Bishop of Beauvais, in the course of this sitting, having commanded her not to make any attempt to escape from prison, she answered with firmness, that she could not see the justice of such a command, and should not scruple to disobey it if a favourable opportunity occurred. Some letters dictated by Joan, and forwarded to the English when she first entered Orleans, were also laid before her ; and such was the strength of her memory, that although ten months had transpired since they were penned, she discovered during their perusal, that several alterations had been insidiously made in the wording of those instruments. It was then demanded of the accused whether she had seen an angel over the head of the King ? to which she answered : " Excuse me ; proceed to other matters." The tribunal next touched upon the most essential points which they wished to ascertain, viz., as to certain apparitions or revelations which Charles VII. had seen or heard ; but Joan would say nothing on that subject, advising them to send to her King if they were desirous of acquiring such information. She afterwards repeated this resolution of secrecy in the course of the fifth sitting. Being asked by the Judges whether she thought herself blessed with the Grace of God, she thus expressed herself : " If I am not, may God effect it ! and if I am, may God retain me in it ; for I should esteem myself the most unfortunate of women ; I would rather die than know that I were without the pale of the grace and love of God."

On being asked why she had borne her banner foremost at the Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, in preference to those of the captains attending, she answered : " It is but just that such as contributed to the work should share the honour."

When it was demanded whether she had given the soldiers to understand that her banner was the signal of prosperity? she exclaimed: "No; I said to them, for all assurance, Enter boldly in the midst of the English! And I entered myself." Can any one deny the sublimity of such an ejaculation?

Joan evinced in all her answers a solidity of judgment and good sense far superior to her years and condition in life. When pressed by innumerable interrogatories, which arose from the prophetic threatenings contained in those letters, Joan, on a sudden, made the following asseverations, which were delivered in a very lofty tone, and accompanied by a solemnity of gesture that rivetted the attention of her hearers: "Before the lapse of seven years, the English will abandon a greater pledge than they did before Orleans, and will lose everything in France. They will experience the greatest loss they have ever yet sustained in France, and this will be in consequence of a signal victory that will be accorded to the French by the Almighty."

The Judges inquired of the accused whether the saints who had appeared to her had hair upon their heads? To which she could not refrain from making this contemptuous reply: "It is mighty essential to ascertain that." Shortly after they asked whether Saint Margaret spoke English? "How should she speak English, seeing she is not on their side."

At one interrogatory a circumstance occurred, which could not fail to impress any mind that was susceptible of natural feeling. Joan, addressing herself in an emphatic manner to the Bishop of Beauvais, spoke in the following terms:

"You state that you are my Judge. I am not aware that you are such; but, I charge you, take heed and do not judge me wrongfully, as in such case you will place your soul in great jeopardy; and I finally forewarn you that, should it please Almighty God to punish you, I have only fulfilled my duty in thus giving you timely notice!"

Among various other questions put to the accused was the following: "Whether or not God hated the English?" To which she made the following reply: "Respecting the love or the hatred God may entertain towards the English, I know nothing; but I know, for a certainty, that they will all be driven out of France, excepting those who die there, and that God will send victory to the French against the English." "Did you infuse the power of victory into the standard or the standard into you?" "Whether victory was by the means of the standard or myself, the whole was the work of our Lord." "Was the hope of victory founded in your banner or yourself?" "It was founded in God, and in nothing else." "Had another person carried it, would it have been attended with similar good fortune?" "I know nothing about that, I leave everything to our Lord." It was inquired of her whether, during her childhood, she had cherished the wish of being injurious to the Burgundians? "I had a great desire that my King should repossess his kingdom."

The accused desired that she might be allowed to appeal to the Pope's decision, but such a proposition was far from acceptable to the Bishop of Beauvais. As Joan, on several occasions, repeated this demand, attempts were made to tamper with her, in order to prevent her from appealing to the Apostolic Chair.

Such are the main features of this protracted trial. While Joan was imprisoned during one of the adjournments, Raymond, Lord de Macy, came to visit her, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, the Comte de Ligny, who had basely sold her, and Marmaduke Lumley, the Chancellor of England. Comte de Ligny, addressing himself to the Maid, said: "Joan, I am come to treat respecting your ransom, in case you will promise never again to take up arms against us." To which Joan replied: "By my God, you do but mock me; for I well know that you have neither the will nor the power. I am certain that these English will put me to death, thinking, after I am gone, to gain the kingdom of France; but were they a hundred thousand gluttons more than they are at present they would not possess the kingdom." The Earl of Stafford, indignant at hearing these magnanimous expressions, half unsheathed his dagger, with the intention of striking the captive; but the Earl of Warwick, seizing his arm, prevented the execution of his purpose.

Finally, the unfortunate girl began to be worn out with the agonizing anxiety of the trial; yet she boldly defended herself from blame by stating to the Bishop that she had adopted men's attire, because, being obliged to appear in the midst of armed men, that state of dress seemed more suitable and safe than the female attire. "I have been guilty of no crimes," she said; "I believe in the articles of the faith, and the precepts laid down by the decalogue; I appeal to the Court of Rome, and I believe in everything that is accredited by Holy Church."

After all, the trial did not end in the capital condemnation of Joan. Cauchon and his co-judge, with the fear of Rome and the victorious advance of Charles VII. acting on their minds, hesitated to make her death the direct consequence of the procedure. An apparent compromise was effected, and the eventual murder was managed by a trick. On Joan declaring herself willing to acknowledge (which she always did acknowledge) the illusion of such revelations as the Church had rejected, and promising never more to maintain them, or to again wear man's attire, the sentence was mitigated and she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life on bread and water. The barbarous designs of Joan's enemies were not, however, to stop here. Knowing that the female dress, which she had now consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's armour; and watched for the effect of that temptation upon her. On the sight of a garb in which she had acquired so much renown, and which she believed was hers by the particular appointment of Heaven, all her former ideas and passions revived; and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden attire. Her insidious enemies

caught her in that situation ; her fault was interpreted to be no less than a relapse into heresy and witchcraft. No recantation would now suffice ; and no pardon could be granted her.

The prisoner was once more cited to appear before her judges on the following morning, when her death was resolved upon, and fixed for the same day. The Bishop of Beauvais, at an early hour, despatched Martin L'Advenu to Joan to announce her approaching fate, to urge her to unfeigned contrition and penitence, and to hear her confession. Upon this the wretched creature, a mere girl again in her agony, burst into tears, and tore her hair exclaiming : " Alas ! then am I to be treated thus horribly and cruelly, that my whole and entire body, never yet corrupted, should be consumed and reduced to ashes ! Ha ! I would rather be beheaded seven times over than thus burnt. Alas ! had I been consigned to the ecclesiastical prison, to whose jurisdiction I submitted, and guarded by men of the Church, not by my enemies and adversaries, such a miserable end as this would not have awaited me ! Oh ! I appeal to God, the great Judge, how many sufferings and grievances I have been compelled to endure ! " Brother Martin L'Advenu, however, succeeded in calming the unhappy girl, and she prepared herself, with her accustomed resignation and piety, to make her confession. At this time she demanded the Sacrament of the Eucharist, which her persecutors allowed her to receive. Two officers repaired to conduct the prisoner from the scaffold upon which she had first been stationed ; when she kissed the crucifix, bowed to the assistants, and descended of her own accord, followed by brother Martin L'Advenu. A troop of armed Englishmen then seized upon the prisoner, and dragged her to the stake with every mark of furious exultation. The seneschal of Rouen and his lieutenant were not allowed time to pronounce any sentence against the accused ; they were not even consulted ; but Joan was hurried away to death, invoking the name of the Almighty, and frequently exclaiming : " Ah ! Rouen, Rouen ! wilt thou be my last abode ? "

At the foot of the stake a mock mitre was placed upon her brow, whereon were written these words : " Heretic, Relapse, Apostate, Idolatress. " The English mob shouted, and the poor victim sunk under the flames into the arms of death, leaving the infamy of her destruction a slur to both England and France, and the glory of her name and deeds as bright a recollection as any in the history of the modern world.

The English gained nothing by Joan's death : their cause never flourished after, though now and then valiantly rallied by the great John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. With his heroic death on the field of Chastillon, where the brilliant Count de Dunois led the French, ended for ever the British dominion in France, beyond the small district of Calais, and that was disgracefully lost before little more than another century had passed. It is, moreover, a curious fact that not only the public cause, but also all the individuals who took part in Joan's death came to a speedy or unhappy end. Henry VI., in whose name Joan

was put on her trial, was, after a wretched life, murdered in the Tower. John Duke of Bedford, broken-hearted at the losses in France, survived Joan but three years and died in the very town of Rouen where his victim had perished: he was childless and his titles expired with him. Stafford, whose ungallant hand would have stabbed Joan, was slain at the battle of Northampton, and his two immediate successors were beheaded. Warwick, who had a less share in her death, died at Rouen eight years after Joan, and his own line ended in a woman whose misfortunes won less respect than those of Joan of Arc, viz., in the unhappy Lady Anne, widow of the murdered Prince of Wales, and wife of Richard III. The Duke of Burgundy had to submit to France, and died crest-fallen, leaving to his successor, Charles the Bold, a troubled inheritance that terminated in utter defeat and ruin. The unworthy Prelate, Pierre Cauchon, was by English interest translated to the See of Lisieux, but his reputation could never be re-established: he lived an object of general hate, and he himself repented of his deed, and passed his latter days in all the agonies of a conscience ill at ease. By way of atonement, he built a beautiful chapel in the church of Lisieux, and there to this day, prayers are craved for the deliverance of his soul.

Charles VII. sought to publicly reverse the judgment against Joan, as soon as his ultimate success in the war showed that she was no witch, but a true and benignant prophet. The monarch, however, from want of sufficient ecclesiastical jurisdiction found impediments in the way of his purpose. The reversal of her iniquitous process and sentence was at last ordered by Pope Calixtus III.; and, after a long hearing of much evidence, the definitive decree of absolution and justification of Joan of Arc, La Pucelle d'Orléans, was pronounced in the Archiepiscopal Palace of Rouen the, 7th July 1456. Charles VII. ennobled Joan's family, that of Arc, changing their name to Lis (or Lilly), and granting them arms, on the shield of which appeared his own royal bearings—the azure field and the golden lilies of France.

Charles's son and successor, Louis XI., of a more avenging spirit than his father, set about, on his accession, to catch and burn, *lege talionis*, all the persecutors of Joan that then survived, and the few not already dead, perished like her in the flames. France has since paid due honour to her memory; statues and monuments are erected to her at Rouen, on the spot where she suffered (her fountain there has been recently restored); at Domremy, her birth-place; at Orleans, which she rescued; everywhere, in fine, where any event connected with her happened. One good and gifted princess, Mary of Orleans, has beautifully perpetuated in marble the memory of Joan. That statue, now at Versailles and familiar to us all, will, while marking for ever the graces of the wronged heroine it represents, bring further sorrow to her story in recalling the early death of the fair and faultless artist by whose princely hand the work was done.

ROUNABOUT LETTERS
ON
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—No. 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

DEAR MADAM,—A few years ago there lived in the parish of St. Mary Axe a respectable tallow-chandler of the name of Bragg. By dint of industry and frugality, although he commenced without capital, he contrived to realize a comfortable little fortune, so that he was enabled to leave a snug income and an equally snug business to his widow, as well as two or three thousand pounds to his only son John. It was not the first time, and we may be sure that it will not be the last, that such a legacy has proved eventually to be a man's ruin. So it turned out in the present instance. Jack was above his business, and with his father's legacy in his pockets, or, to speak more strictly, in an easily accessible account at his banker's, he determined to cut a dash, and take up a position in the first class of the society of the sporting world; thinking, to some extent correctly, that the circumstance of his being an accomplished rider would be a passport to the class to which he coveted to belong.

Our friend Jack, however, had sufficient sense to know that his legacy required to be carefully husbanded, and that it would soon disappear if he lived at the same rate in which his anticipated friends indulged. His object was to make the greatest possible show at the smallest possible cost, and the plan he adopted had at all events the merit of considerable ingenuity. It was in the first place essential that he should appear to have respectable apartments at the west-end of town; but instead of indulging in the reality of such a piece of extravagance, he rented only part of a door, paying in fact six guineas a year for the privilege of the reception of his letters and parcels, and for the permission to affix on the door a magnificent brass plate upon which was engraved, in letters of conspicuous size the distinguished name of "Mr. John Bragg." He was of course never to be found there, the stereotyped reply to all inquiries respecting his whereabouts being that Mr. Bragg was down at his "little place in Surrey." In actual fact his lodging was a small back-parlour at a carpenter's at Kingston, an arrangement which had incidentally this advantage, that when asked if he had any *wood* about his "little place," he was enabled to answer in the affirmative without committing himself to a variation from truth. This was only one of his contrivances for making a little money go a long way towards a great show; and it may be safely asserted that few persons ever attained to a greater proficiency in this still far from obsolete accomplishment.

By degrees Jack attained to the summit of his wishes, not only making acquaintance with several "Honourables," and three or four "Sirs," but positively becoming friendly with a real live Lord. To be slapped on the back by Lord Easy, and to be congratulated by his lordship that he had made a "stunning" leap in a steeple-chase, were honours that sent a thrill through his sporting frame, and raised him for days afterwards into a sort of ecstatic state far beyond that experienced by Shakespeare when he discovered that Hamlet took with the groundlings! Jack Bragg was to be envied, as indeed all are who have the power of fancying themselves somebodies. It is a wise dispensation which enables so many—always excepting Lord Palmerston—to indulge in the delusion that they are superior to their neighbours. I should have liked to have seen any of Mr. Bragg's quondam acquaintances from St. Mary Axe attempting to shake hands with him any time within ten days after he had been noticed by Lord Easy. Well, poor fellow! he found, like most other big people, that there is a great deal of very unpleasant grease on the wheel of Fortune. Having been a tallow-chandler he ought to have known it; but he didn't. Smoothly and joyfully went things on until one ominous Friday in the dog-days, when Lord Easy, happening to overtake Jack on the sunny side of Pall Mall, tapped him on the back, at the same time observing: "It's a melting day, Jack, isn't it?" From that time forth our friend's spirit drooped. Self-respect, as it is absurdly called—too often in excuse for the exercise of bounce, selfishness, and arrogance—had fled for ever. Nothing could remove the impression from his mind that the secret of the shop was discovered, and as if some imp had contrived to invest the coincidence with all the force of demonstration, Friday had time out of mind been the melting-day at St. Mary Axe.

It is hardly necessary to observe that poor Lord Easy had no more notion of inflicting a deadly wound on the mind of his too sensitive friend than he had of flying over the moon; and his astonishment would have been great indeed could he have known the misery entailed by a casual everyday remark. It was only one of the numerous illustrations of the oft-repeated lines:

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant;"

as the Shakespeare of Scotland so well has sung. Do what we can to avoid it, be as careful as we can of our tongues, it is impossible in this world to help running against some one's melting-day or another. Everybody has got a melting-day of some sort they would just as lief not have blurted out. Wise people know that all gentlemen, worthy of the title, never allude intentionally to anybody's melting-days, at least in his presence, and so rest satisfied, that if, by any possibility, an allusion may be so interpreted, the speaker is ignorant of the circumstances that might otherwise have led to the observation.

It has often occurred to me that the reason why our great poet is so

pre-eminently noted by his contemporaries as "the gentle Shakespeare" consisted in a great measure of his anxiety to avoid giving pain to others, and of his vast power, arising from his preternatural knowledge of individual character, of avoiding any observations that would be likely to cause annoyance. Shakespeare lived in an age when rough speaking was the order of the day, and when real gentleness of heart must have shone conspicuously, and been appreciated to an extent that can now hardly be realized. Shakespeare was a shrewd man of business, perfectly capable of defending himself against any one who attempted to overreach or presume, but we may rest assured that he was more successful than any other man in avoiding hints of melting-days, and that, with an innate goodness of heart, he was ever on the alert to soothe, conciliate, and please. His was not the mere courtesy of the man of the world. It was that true courtesy which arose from the desire to be kind to all men,—a result of that fine spirit of a pervading charity which is so conspicuously visible in many of his greatest works.

Lives there a man with soul so—not "dead," no, that is not the word let us rather say, with a mind so intensely stupid that he does not feel a thrill of pleasure in reading for the thousandth time those lines of rarest Ben—

"Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind, *and manners*, brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines."

Ben Jonson! your face is by no means a pretty one—in fact, about as bad a countenance for a poet as one would find in a long summer's day—but you are a dear sweet duck for writing the noble poem whence these lines are derived. If I were a woman, in spite of your ugly mug I could throw my arms round your neck, and kiss you for an hour! You are a dear good fellow for bearing to posterity the best of all possible testimonies to the loving character of "the sweet Swan of Avon," as you were the first so prettily to call him. And what else do you write in the *Discoveries*? Do you not say that you "loved the man, and do honour his memory *on this side idolatry*, as much as any? You did, you darling,—rare Ben, rarest Ben,—and if any one dares to revile you as critics once on a time did, he shall be gibbeted to posterity as a mischievous calumniator and a base.

Shakespeare must have been all that Jonson depicted him. No plausible reason can be offered for Ben exaggerating the merits of his friend. But with the full conviction of all this, I must respectfully protest against a recent attempt to invest the great poet with moral as well as dramatic perfection—an attempt which is mischievous as having a tendency to provoke common-sense into some observations stronger than might otherwise have been necessary. It is a vulgar notion which sets

up a man as a perfect idol or a perfect reverse ; the same kind of feeling which, with unreflective minds, insists upon the necessity of a clergyman being faultless, and which never recognizes the great truth that *all* characters are composed of mixed ingredients. Such minds never strike a balance. If a preacher makes a joke any time within the day his sermon is delivered, he is a "babe hypocrite." This is a kind of tendency towards a decisive judgment of others which should be carefully guarded against ; and still more carefully when we are attempting, on imperfect evidence, to pass an opinion on the character of a mighty genius. The process is at best an unsafe one, even when we are dealing with the characters of ordinary men, and are surrounded by an affluence of materials, for so truly has it been written—

" Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh."

The German critics, who write an incredible amount of æsthetic nonsense about Shakespeare, settle the whole matter by the personal application of the Sonnets. Very like the dignity of Shakespeare's genius, indeed, to tell us all about himself in that way ! You may depend upon it that he was never such a goose. The deeper mysteries of Shakespeare's mind passed away to the sound of funeral music, right round the bell of the Guild Chapel and then away for ever, on the twenty-third day of April one thousand six hundred and sixteen. They are hidden deeper than ever plummet sounded, and as likely to be recovered as are Prospero's wand and book. Never, never,—and Echo even answers, never.

Now, surely it is very absurd of us to attempt to ignore the palpable fact that the balance of evidence decidedly leans to the conclusion that Shakespeare had wild intervals in his career. I do not go quite so far as one writer who, in reference to the stupid and improbable anecdote related by Manningham, observes,—“such popular anecdotes, even if nearly contemporary, are invaluable, when they relate to a remarkable individual, because, though they may not be true in themselves, they prove undoubtedly the general opinion of the character of the individual among those who lived at the same time with him, and who knew him, and that opinion is rarely wrong.” This view is hardly borne out by facts. There is scarcely any public man of any description, and the observation applies especially to actors, concerning whom some absurd tale is not afloat, and it by no means follows that the story runs on all fours with the character of the individual. We had an instance of this in the case of the late Albert Smith, who was all but universally alluded to in conversation as an inveterate gambler—a myth that was not dissipated until after his decease and the extent of his accumulations became known. Every one acquainted with the gossip afloat in society can recal numerous similar examples ; for men, be it understood, are, as a general rule, ten times worse gossips than women. The assumption of the gossiping of women was created by men to conceal their own propensities. I will venture to say that there is hardly a literary or scientific society in

London in which, while tea is being discussed, there are not more gossip and scandal going on than there would be amongst any similar number of old washerwomen. It is easy, therefore, to conjecture how Manningham picked up his dirty story, and how contemptible must have been the hand that recorded it for the benefit (?) of posterity. No, I place small reliance on the purport of this tale in any way. We have, however, positive evidence that Shakespeare was not as good as he was great. It is well that it should be so. Otherwise the amount of mental idolatry yielded to his genius, if applied also to the man, would really have made Stratford a dangerous object of pilgrimage.

Let us be contented that we know so much of him of the kind and good, so little of the evil. Let us, above all, rest satisfied with the few direct and reliable evidences, and not attempt to invest any of his writings with the interest that would attach to a reflex of his own mind. Before any passages in this great author are attributed to refer to circumstances in his personal history, it should be carefully considered whether they may not naturally belong to the drama or poem in which they appear; for it is scarcely asserting too much of Shakespeare that the expression of every possible thought, and the delineation of every variety of character, in all their combinations, emanated spontaneously from his pen. "Nature," observes a writer of the last century, "has made as great a distinction between every individual man by the turn of his mind, as by the form of his countenance: in this Shakespeare has excelled all the poets, for he has not only distinguished his principal persons, but there is scarce a messenger comes in but is visibly different from all the rest of the persons in the play; so that you need not to mention the name of the person that speaks, when you read the play." This observation, which is to be found in the first modern edition of the poet's works by Rowe, suggests one of the most important canons for the foundation of true criticism on the plays of Shakespeare; who, beyond all other writers, has furnished an exhaustless variety of subjects for the consideration of the psychologist by the unbounded diversity and truthfulness of his creations. It is indeed, the key to the real appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare, who is ever faithful to the language of Nature, either in the midst of comedy, or in the depths of passion.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

SILENCE.

BY ZENO

"They were pedants who could speak—
 Grander souls have passed unheard;
 Such as deemed all language weak;
 Choosing rather to record
 Secrets before Heaven, than break
 Faith with angels, by a word."

OWEN MEREDITH.

"Speech is silvern, silence golden."

It has always seemed to us a strangely significant fact that we enter the world with a cry, a shrill wailing cry—we leave it in deep silence! The entrance of the soul (whether or not each be prophetic of the future) into its earthly tabernacle seems to be a painful process; the leaving it, though sometimes preceded by physical convulsions, a happy one. For real happiness there is no expression but absolute silence. As Beddoes says, "The most exquisite happiness is silent, its delights unutterable." We *talk* with pleasure, we laugh with joy, but with happiness we are mute! Think, dear reader, of your happiest moments—alas! you can probably count them easily—was it not so? And when at last that wild and unaccustomed flutter was stilled, and you spoke again, so reticent were you of your new-found treasure, was it not on some trivial and totally irrelevant subject? It beamed out in your countenance perhaps—'tis the best cosmetic, the most unfailing beautifier we know—your step became lighter, you felt kindlier disposed towards all; but you spoke no word! You would have done anything for any one, but you *could* not talk; it would have seemed profanation! We can all perhaps recal a moment, a long expected and ardently prayed for moment, when our eyes once again rested on a beloved face unseen for years; or on one over which since we saw it last, perchance but a few weeks ago, the waves of a heart-rending sorrow have flowed. We grasp the extended hand, our eyes greedily devour the well-known features marking painfully the sad havoc; but words! there are none could translate the feelings of that hour: what could they do but mar that most perfect eloquence—of *silence*.

Reader, have you ever lost one passing dear to you; do you know the aching void that can never, never be filled on this side the grave; and do you remember how you dreaded each returning morning, not so much that you would awake to your sorrow—for you "could forgive God"—but that you knew it would bring "letters of condolence," long flimsy magniloquent letters from those who have perhaps called you by your Christian

name from childhood and yet know you thus little? Oh! the grating sacrilege of those smooth-flowing effusions. Well meant indeed—the inditers had little thought they were invading a sanctuary, little deemed they were handling like a connoisseur a jewel, no irreverent hands may touch. And after the painful perusal of texts correctly quoted, and plenty of them, strings of adjectives all in the superlative degree abundantly applied, sentences well constructed, peroration beautifully turned, did not your heart yearn yet more lovingly towards those very few who you knew had mourned with and suffered for you, *in silence*? who felt with you there must be “silence for a little while,” for the boundary of language was passed. For, however we may think of the advisability of the first part of the character, of the latter there can be no question: “He hated his enemies and did not scruple to tell them so; he loved his friends and said nothing about it.”

’Tis an old observation that the shallow stream babbles, the deep one goes *silently* on its way: the former gurgles joyously on, catching many a pleasant gleam of sunshine on its glassy surface; but “we soon come to the mud at the bottom,” presently it has run itself out, and stops altogether: the latter goes on its course through deep black pools, past dark caverns and jagged rocks unremittingly, ungrudgingly—onward *silently* onward. We never see the bottom, till it reach the unfathomable ocean. We may as well frankly admit that to hear of any one, “he is a man of few words,” is at once a passport to our favour, in that not only are those words commonly the right ones, and straight to the point, but he is also invariably a man whose deeds are in an inverse ratio. While others are talking, he is doing; while they are still loudly declaiming on the theory, he has silently reduced it to practice. Empty barrels are proverbial of noise, like the “clack of a mill when there is no corn to grind.”

We believe it is Frank Smedley who has so well said: “There are some sorrows in life for which there is *no* remedy; these must be endured and struggled with in silence, for so only *can* they be borne.” We confess ourselves very sceptical on the affection of survivors who advertise their feelings in the daily papers, and are strongly of opinion that more deep grief was felt by those who simply state that “John Smith died on the 8th instant, aged thirty-five,” than by those who deem it necessary to inform the world of the same fact with regard to William Snooks, with additional particulars relating to his birth, parentage, and education, moral virtues, social qualities, and religious convictions. We cannot but think that “any grief which reveals itself is very endurable.” By the way why is it that the two words “no cards” are charged as an advertisement, and these same long winded heroics pay no such tax?

We are no Fenella! nay, a certain Irish drop in our veins perhaps inclines us to that garrulity said to be a common attribute of the sons of Erin. Yet do we take leave to doubt whether any man *talks* much when he is *best*, best in his own feelings, in man’s sight, in God’s knowledge; and this we humbly submit must be the meaning of the recom-

mentation to "commune with our own heart, and in secret, and be still." It is a difficult thing to define what conversation is, though we have all a vivid perception of what it is *not*. Of those vague speculations, and strange inter-communings between kindred souls, where thought answers thought, and each mind photographs the images created by the other, where ideas are many, but words few—of such converse as this we have nought to say, but that it falls to the lot of ordinary mortals something far seldomer than roses at Christmas, or snow in June. But what shall we say of those wearisome declamations we are often compelled to undergo, delivered usually by not the wisest in the company—what of those rapid dulnesses, every syllable of which the obtuse perpetrator claims our attention for—what of those desperate truisms uttered with a patronizing air of instructing ignorance, which always bring painfully to our mind a vulgarism respecting our grandmothers—what of those hopeless meteorological common-places, the last refuge for the destitute—and worse than all what of those simple inanities of the egotist or invalid, who instruct us how they slept, what they dreamed, with manifold wonderings on why they are so hungry, or so sleepy, or so cold, or so hot; or transferring for a moment the sensational from the physical to the mental emotions, proceed to enlarge upon their thoughts, wishes, hopes, and fears in some catastrophe for the most part purely imaginary? What too of those affectionate reveries on the merits of their offspring in which fond mammas are wont to indulge, in which it is not difficult to discover the favourite scion, who is, by a strange perversion, we have observed invariably also the least deserving? What of those biting allusions to personal defects we so often hear, and the sharp retorts they provoke? What of the petty meanness of talking *at* a person, where courage is wanting for the open attack? What—but, "*Ohe jam satis!*" But in every and all of these cases how painfully do we endorse Lord Byron's lines on solitude, and simultaneously how great a simpleton do we find Juan Fernandez to have been, in his longing for the "sweet music of speech." History does not enlighten us on the subject, but we have ever retained a private conviction that in one or other of these categories must be reckoned that old lady rendered for ever famous by her grandson's remark; at least under similar circumstances we have ourselves often sighed for a silence deep as that to which he wished to consign neither himself nor his cat.

We remember tying an infinity of knots in, and finally pulling to pieces bit by bit, a long trailing bunch of wistaria as a friend propounded to us the question, "In what consists our identity?" We remember wishing that our friend's speculations were less deep, or our own brains less obtuse; but the fresh green leaves dropped below one by one, the sun sank lower and lower, till the evening chill compelled us to shut out at once the declining rays, and the denuded creeper, but the problem remained unsolved. But though we cannot define *logically* wherein consists our identity, we must all *feel* it with regard to others; and it is acting some-

how on this intuitive knowledge which makes us agreeable companions or the reverse, whether in conversation or *silence*. The poet Campbell said: "It is a pity when learned men forget that one half of the value of conversation depends on reciprocity. One could take down a book from a shelf ten times more wise or witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous than any person one is likely to meet with, but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we may happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the "luxury of conversation." We grant this willingly in the main, but demur altogether to the adjective employed. Unless we have been singularly fortunate in our acquaintance in this line, *laying down the law* is just *the* fault with which learned men are *not* chargeable. We have known fools by the dozen rush in where wise men feared to tread, but have ourselves talked to some of the brightest lights of the age, without a feeling of *gêne*, nay with a most complete forgetfulness till afterwards, that the world was looking to them for decisions on subjects, which they had discussed with us as on a perfect equality. We call to mind as we write a world-wide historian of whom a child would ask a date—a London drawing-room where all talked of the stars save *the* one, himself a brilliant star, who had made them his study; and a storm-tossed boat on the seas of the Far North, wherein sat a sage with whom the veriest tyro in the craft might have conversed freely of the stratification of the overhanging rocks. Aye and we could tell too of a lowly bakehouse in a remote Scottish town, where we have ourselves bandied words with the inmate, till we persuaded him to disclose for our benefit some of the rich stores of geological and botanical lore he had amassed, but modestly endeavoured to hide under heaps of flour! It seems to us indeed as universal a rule, that it is the ignoramus who declaims whether on philosophy, science, or *belles-lettres*, as it is the pervert or convert who dogmatizes on religion.

To return, however, from this digression, we remember a well-meaning clergyman, in a fashionable watering-place, writing a book entitled, "The Tongue the Glory of Man." It struck us as a singularly inappropriate effusion for a locality where it had been better treated as it exhibited itself, a most "unruly member." There are indeed probably but few among us, who have reached maturity, but have regretted many a time and oft having spoken—scarcely ever having been silent! We once heard a lively discussion between Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones upon how Mr. Robinson managed to hold the *two* valuable livings of Preachington and Talkington together, they being more than double the legitimate distance apart, terminated by the sarcastic witticism of Mr. Smith: "A man *can* hold anything who can hold his tongue." Society, we observe, often exercises a mischievous influence on certain temperaments, hurrying them on by its excitement to say things, witty perhaps, but which, a minute later, they would give worlds to recal. It is not that they are conceited, still less ill-natured, but they cannot resist the impulse

to remark on what appears to them in a ludicrous light, and find too late that they have hurt the feelings of another. We are not thinking now of those whose business, and, alas! whose pleasure too, it is to tread systematically on other people's corns; nor of those, their first cousins, who, by a sort of mental alchemy, start what subject you will, always contrive to say something unpleasant, if not positively rude, something they know will grate harshly on your feelings (a result indeed you see them eagerly watching for)—who, if an especial friend of yours be mentioned, will immediately take occasion to make disparaging observations, hitting with wonderful dexterity on the weak point, and then multiplying by a hundred—or will take up your photograph book—which you thought you had carefully hidden away—that one containing, as they well know, only those particularly dear to you, and make sarcastic remarks on every portrait in succession, till you feel as if you had been out in a high wind or like a cat that has been rubbed up the wrong way. It is a saddening and a painful thing to observe how these people will go out of their way to say something annoying, when the contrary remark were more easy, more palpable, and more truthful; they would not for worlds pinch the snout of a pig—nay, would carefully rub its back, *because it likes it*—yet maliciously reverse the treatment with the human animal! But very far short of this, it were astonishing, were it not humiliating to listen to the miserable twaddle, and worse, the downright lies that people, neither universally silly nor particularly dishonest, will utter under the impression evidently of making themselves agreeable in the first case, and giving an exalted idea of their own social importance in the second. It was a truth of more universal application than she supposed that Madame de Sevigné uttered when in speaking of the prevailing rage for ladies going to confession, she observed, “that women would rather talk evil of themselves than not talk at all!” ’Twas a caustic remark by a worldly-wise old woman about a gay court in a frivolous age and country; yet have we seen its truth exhibited glaringly in the humdrum monotony of country life in England in this nineteenth century. We own ourselves to having sometimes an almost irresistible desire to interfere with the liberty of the subject, when we know well that the speaker is about to say something either extremely silly, painfully *mal-à-propos*, or wickedly scandalous; safe, in short, as has been so funnily said of county magistrates, to commit himself far oftener than any one else. (Did our readers ever play at the game called “scandal,” and remark the extraordinary metamorphosis the short sentence you uttered at the beginning has undergone when you receive it back at the end?)

But we have said enough, and will take a hint from a wish we have often heard expressed with regard to our spiritual advisers, and though we have not done, we will finish. The readers of this Magazine, too, might possibly suggest the application to ourselves of George Herbert's remark on a long and poor sermon, “God taketh up the text and preacheth

patience." We would rather think we had persuaded a few at least, of the value of *silence*; or if not, that, at any rate, not to succumb to the absurd law of society which enacts that each member should say something, though he may have nothing to say, and whose manifest results are flippancy, superficiality, humbug, and scandal. But we would fain hope more than this, we would fain hope that some few may see, not only that "silence is wisdom," but that it is often peace and victory, aye, and religion too—that it is rest to the weary and solace to the afflicted.

I SHALL NOT TELL HER NAME.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

I know a maid, to whom I've paid,
More homage than to fame;
Her rubied mouth,
Warm as the south,
But I shall not tell her name!

Her pretty wiles, and sunny smiles,
Oft thrilled me when they came;
Her lips have hues,
Like crimson dew,
Should you like to know her name?

Her foot is small, her figure tall,
Her brow the lilies shame;
Each lustrous curl,
The zephyrs whirl,
But I must not tell her name!

Each eye though dark, has a golden spark,
That takes a magic aim;
My arm in haste,
Oft clasps her waist,
But I shall not tell her name!

I SHALL NOT TELL HER NAME.

Her hair nut-brown, her shoulders drown,
 In splendid waves, the same
 As sunbeams thrown
 On blossoms blown,
 But I shall not tell her name !

In primrose dells she sings and dwells,
 Her beauty earns her fame ;
 I'll say—I think,
 Her cheeks are pink,
 But I dare not tell her name !

Her hands, I know, are fair as snow,
 And marble has no claim,
 With all its charms,
 To match her arms,
 But I shall not tell her name !

For she was born, like hues of morn,
 The tints of Art to shame ;
 She lights the shade,
 That night has made,
 But I shall not tell her name !

Her eyes ne'er dim, seem made to swim,
 With love, my heart to claim ;
 Neck white as pearls,
 The queen of girls,
 But I will not tell her name !



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WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY.

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 533.)

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"Alas! for the rarity,
Of Christian charity,
Under the sun!"

HOOD.

For a moment Violet stood as if stunned; then she burst into tears and sobbed as if her heart would break: "Oh, Frank!—oh! poor, poor Julia. Oh! how *could* they be so wicked—how dreadful of them both, and Ned too that we always loved so much. Oh, Frank! and he was so good—a communicant, and always read that little book of reflections. your poor mother gave him, so regularly. Oh, Frank! what a mercy she did not live to see this; it would have broken her heart outright—I can't believe it, I can't realize it!"

Large tears rolled slowly down Mr. Conyers' cheeks, and he kept repeating: "Poor Ned, he was such a good boy always—poor Ned.

"He is lost to us for ever, Frank; we can never see him again, or her. I shudder at the very thought of her. How dreadful to leave one's husband, the man one has vowed to love and cling to;" and Violet clasped *her* Frank all the closer as she spoke. "It seems so terrible to have to dislike Ned—to avoid him."

"Poor Ned," again repeated Mr. Conyers. "'Deliver us from temptation,' is a fitting prayer indeed for all. Don't let us dislike Ned, Violet; let us love him more than ever and pray more fervently for this fallen brother. While there is life there must be hope; and remember we have all done amiss—'there is none that doeth good no not one.'"

"But this is such a dreadful crime, Frank—so revolting to human nature."

"My dear child, *all sin* is revolting to *Divine* Nature, and that is much more important than *human*, remember. 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' You hardly know what fearful temptations and sorrows may have driven them into this sin—temptations from which you have been mercifully kept!"

"Oh, Frank! don't say that;" and Violet looked him full in the face and spoke proudly and loftily. "I love you dearer than tongue could

tell ; but sooner than a blight should rest upon our fair fame I would brave death for myself—aye and see *you* lying dead before my face, happy in the knowledge that your pure spirit had entered a land of purity ! Had I married another man, I would have torn you for ever from my heart, though all its veins were twined round you and were left rent and bleeding from the effort ; but,” added she, relapsing into a softer and more caressing tone, as she knelt beside him, twined her arm round him, and looked fondly up in his face—“but you are mine, mine only, my *all*, mine in the sight of earth and Heaven ; and it is my hallowed, my sacred duty to cling to you and love you for ever. Ah ! Frank, marriage is a very holy thing ; and so is woman’s delicacy—we shrink from a stain upon it. Poor infatuated Julia !”

Perhaps this last terrible disclosure contained in Ned’s letter had its use, for it prevented Frank’s dwelling so much as he otherwise would have done upon Sir Lovelace’s unkindness ; and Violet was left to bear her hidden load of pressing and carking care, while Frank, his thoughts all occupied with his dearly loved brother, wrote to Ned—exhorting them, painful as the struggle might be, to separate for ever and immediately, and rather to sacrifice their happiness in this world than to run the risk of blighting it entirely in another.

In the meanwhile Violet soothed refractory tradesmen with part payment and future promises ; negotiated the sale of one or two favourite pictures and some old family plate—all of which enabled her in a day or two to come smiling to Frank and say : “There, dear, all the worries are over ; we owe no man anything, but to love one another :” and Frank cleared his brow and smiled at Violet, and she felt rewarded for all her pain and trouble. Poor Violet, who had gone with trembling knees to the encounter with some stalwart and unpropitious butcher ; who had eagerly watched the countenance of picture-dealers as they inspected her cherished treasures, and whose heart had quailed for fear they should not offer enough—poor Violet, who had gone up sometimes from these interviews and sobbed from very weariness of heart in her own room ; who felt as if every man’s hand was against her—as if her father thought her extravagant, her cook fancied her stingy, and her butcher suspected her of dishonesty—while all the while she was only striving to live as well as she could upon the little she had and keep up Frank’s position among his fellow-men, for his sake and that of her children. Happily Violet had a glad buoyant courageous spirit, and she soon dried her eyes and scolded herself for crying when she had so many blessings, and ran off to the nursery to brace herself for a fresh battle with life by a little merriment and pleasure with her children ; or to refresh herself with a book, with the view from her window, with writing—with some pleasant occupation. “Never dwell on worries,” was Violet’s theory ; “put them away from you resolutely when you begin to get wretched and turn to something agreeable and then come back freshened up for a regular good tussle with them.”

But we must return to Frank writing his letter to Ned. As he finished it Violet came in. She read it as she leant over his shoulder; she remained quiet awhile. "Poor Julia," she murmured softly, "what will become of her! Frank," she exclaimed suddenly, "let her come to us. You are a clergyman—I am a married woman: there are no young girls here. You are *his* brother who misled her, and it is your duty and mine to do the best we can to repair his error—to ask her to come: write it at once, now do."

"My dear Violet, let us think about it a little. We must know more of the state of the case first; and besides I am not sure that it would be right for you."

"Right! yes I know it would, Frank. Only think of that poor creature—if he leaves her as he ought of course to do—lonely, wretched, full of shame and remorse; no hand of kindness to tend her; no voice to whisper pardon and peace; abandoned in her misery by all! Oh, Frank! I *will*, I *must* have her here—here they will be safely separated; for he will never follow her beneath the sacred shelter of his brother's roof. I was wrong, indeed I was, to speak so harshly of them as I did. I feel I still hate the sin; but I love the sinners, Frank;" and Violet's tone became more earnest, more pleading: "Won't you let me follow *the* Example set us for an example. Oh! Frank, remember Magdalene and Who it was who comforted and solaced her! Frank, you *dare* not refuse me!" and Violet took her husband's pen and wrote:

"Let Julia come to us, dear Ned; we will love and soothe and cherish her. I pray both of you to believe that our affection is still your's: we sorrow in your sorrows and grieve in your griefs.—Your attached sister,

VIOLET."

"Frank," said Violet after a pause, "how deeply Julia must have loved Ned all along, and what agony she must have gone through in her marriage; and yet I cannot fancy, once married, how any attachment to another could induce her to overstep the bounds of female delicacy. Why I often think of poor mamma, how her one fault, a trifle compared to *this*, overshadowed her whole short life and brought it to a speedy close; and I—I am sure I couldn't live with a taint resting upon me!"

"Yes, Violet, but you have been very differently brought up to poor Julia. Refinement has been your atmosphere, refinement of mind and spirit; while she, poor thing, educated abroad and associating with girls who had no innate sense of delicacy, no strong inculcated reverence for the marriage tie; her case has been very different. Poor Ned," continued he, "how like a simple boy, he writes; I pity them both, for there is a heavy trial before them if they do what is right. I wonder will she come to us!"

Leaving Frank and Violet to settle that question at their leisure, we must go back a few months in the history of Lady Snelgrove and Ned Conyers in order to understand their present position.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPLENDID MISERY.

"Rather would Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
An outcast pilgrim would she rove
Than wed the man she cannot love!"

SCOTT.

From the hour of Julia's marriage, Lord Snelgrove had treated her with a coldness bordering on contempt; he made no effort to win her affections but seemed content to have procured an appendage that would do honour to his rank and fortune. He looked upon her as a bargain he had wrested from another man; and every day the interest of the new purchase abated more and more. Besides, little Snelgrove could easily see that Julia did not love him, and that made him hate her with all the hatred of which his mean, pitiful little heart was capable; and he perpetually made her sensible of his dislike by a series of petty slights and contemptuous unkindnesses. If Julia, in their travels, expressed a wish to remain in a place, it was certain to have the effect of making Snelgrove hurry on. Did she find a town dull or gloomy, it was precisely there that his affairs obliged him to remain. Did she manifest a dislike to an acquaintance, that acquaintance was sure to be forced upon her. The servants she preferred were sent away, and those she disliked retained; in fact, his spirit of contradiction entered into such small things as the very dishes at dinner or the choice of a new lining for the carriage. In every puny and contemptible way he could, he tried to annoy her. What wonder, then, if Julia was wretched. But one day a scene occurred which made a very deep impression upon her. It was that very evening when, as Miss Thurlow has already told Violet, Lord Snelgrove had sent his valet to order Julia home from a dance. Julia reached the house with her haughty spirit all in a flame. Words followed words in hot succession: he was contemptuous, and dastardly enough to remind her that she was in his power, and, as her husband, he had a right to command her obedience.

"My husband!" exclaimed Julia, in a wild passion of indignation; "you are not, nor have ever been, a husband to me."

Hardly had the words passed her lips when she was frightened at their effect. Lord Snelgrove's lips became a deadly white, his face grew livid with wrath. "Say that again, if you dare," he hissed out between his closed teeth, seizing her arm with so ungentle a clasp that when he loosened it the marks of his fingers were visible in dark black bruises on the tender flesh; but Julia's heart was too haughty to quail for violence. She said it *again*, and he dashed her violently on the floor.

"Woman! fiend! who has told you this? But know that if I am in your power, so are you in mine. I am witness to that which, were you

to attach blame to me, would speedily consign your precious brother's name to infamy;" and so saying he dashed violently out of the room.

Long did Julia lay prostrate on the spot where he had cast her, marvelling, with throbbing brain and beating heart, on the words he had spoken. Was he tipsy? was he mad? or was there any fearful hidden secret on which, in the careless words of her intemperate passion, she had touched. Julia was a girl of high, indomitable spirit; as she thought, she resolved. She came to the conclusion that his threat, in regard to her brother, was a worthless one, made merely to frighten her into silence; that there really was some mystery, and with that mystery Lord Snelgrove suspected her to be conversant, and now he would fain terrify her into holding her peace. She detested him with a moody wrath, and felt there was nothing she could not do to be revenged on him, and resolved, with the first dawn of morning, to seek him out and put the question steadily and bravely to him: "How was Rupert in his power?"—at the same time allowing him to continue in the delusion that his secret was her's. But when morning broke into the wildly disordered room, the daylight shone softly upon a worn and wearied frame which slept from very exhaustion. Sleep had settled down upon her brow as she sat crouched on the ground. Sleep had closed the lids over the starting eyeballs, and repose had come to the face harrowed with so many anxieties. Julia woke not till her maid's repeated tap at the door, with her morning cup of coffee, aroused her, and she woke bewildered, surprised, to find herself in so unusual a position. With wakefulness returned consciousness.

"Here is a note for you, Miladi; it was left late yesterday evening by a gentleman, and Franklin forgot to bring it up."

Left to herself, Julia opened her note while she sipped her coffee; it was as follows:

"Dear Lady Snelgrove,—I saw you at the ball this evening, and was just making my way to you when you were summoned away. I am leaving for England to-morrow on leave; can I do anything for you? it will give me pleasure. Violet and Frank are well and the children flourishing.—Sincerely yours,
EDWARD F. CONYERS."

The old familiar names, the old familiar handwriting that had copied music for her in happier days, that she had read aloud in merry writing games in the evening, all passed over Julia's heart with a sudden, softening touch of pain that unlocked the source of tears. She wept long and violently, and when calm enough to ring for her maid the morning was far advanced.

"Tell Goodwin to saddle Araby," said Lady Snelgrove; "a gallop will refresh me after my headache last night."

The maid left to execute her mistress's orders, but soon returned to say: "If you please, Miladi, Milord has sent Araby to Mrs. John Dashwood, and she is going some way, so she will not be back till two o'clock."

"Lent Araby! lent *my* own horse without my leave! and to Mrs. Dashwood, too! Impossible, Symons, there must be some mistake! go and inquire again—or stop, tell Goodwin to come to me."

Goodwin came and was cross-examined, and the tale proved too true. Lord Snelgrove had actually lent Julia's own faithful, especial Arab mare that she had had from a filly that was born on her father's estate, reared for her by his faithful old groom, that would eat bread out of her hand, and would arch its beautiful neck, and turn its soft, loving gazelle eye upon her with fondness when she came out to mount it. Her horse, her own dear horse, that she loved almost as a friend, and that travelled with her wherever she went, the one spot of comfort in her dreary life (for the miserable cling to trifles more fondly than the happy do). Lord Snelgrove had actually lent Araby without her leave, and to Mrs. John Dashwood, too—a coarse, stout, vulgar woman whose acquaintance Lady Snelgrove refused to make; a wretched rider, and more than suspected of being an abandoned character; in fact, one of the well-known *mauvais sujets* of the place. Her own beautiful Araby to bear such a weight on such a sultry day; to be ridden by such a woman; to be recognised as Lady Snelgrove's horse carrying Mrs. Dashwood. The passion which had been softened by Ned's letter into sorrow now resumed its sway.

"Where is Lord Snelgrove?" asked Julia with burning cheeks and sparkling eyes; "how dare he take such a liberty with my horse?"

"His Lordship left Rome early this morning and will not return till to-night. He has gone on an excursion with some young gentlemen; but he left word that Araby was to be at Mrs. Dashwood's service, and that if your Ladyship wanted a horse you were to ride Clover."

Clover happened to be a hard-mouthed, intractable brute that Lord Snelgrove had taken in exchange for a bad gambling debt a few days ago. Julia said no more; her passion was too deep for words. She waited, bottling it within her, for Lord Snelgrove's return, and again and again she mused over the scene of last night, the strange wrath he had given way to and the expressions he had made use of.

"If you please, Miladi, Araby has come home," said Goodwin, entering, "but she goes quite lame, and I wish your Ladyship would come and look at the poor animal, it seems queer, somehow, and is off its feed."

Julia sprung up, seized her brown straw hat, and, regardless of the noon-day sun, rushed out to her faithful dumb friend's side. There lay the poor creature pent on the straw; its brilliant eye glazed and filmy, its knees broken and bleeding, and a raw wound in the side where Mrs. Dashwood's *spur* had entered into the flesh (for she was a fast lady this Mrs. Dashwood, and affected spurs). As Julia approached, the poor faithful creature tried to neigh, to move her head towards her, but the effort was too much, and poor Araby rolled over on the ground at its mistress's feet and expired. Julia's grief and indignation knew no bounds. "Oh! my horse, my own dear, true-hearted friend, to have been so dealt with, to have suffered so; what must the poor, good creature

have gone through—bruised, and wounded, and ridden so heavily in this intense heat? my poor horse, my dear old friend;" and she took the poor dead creature's head into her lap and wept bitter tears, and made low and deep vows of vengeance.

"Captain Conyers, Miladi, is in the drawing-room."

A friend, an old friend, a kind friend, a true friend; one who loved her—ah, she knew it now!—so truly; one who would have died to save her grief and trouble. Oh! it was a rest and blessing to seek such a friend. And impetuous Julia rose from the ground, and fleet was her step till she reached the room where Captain Conyers awaited her. He sprang up to meet her, agitated on his side, and in that moment of meeting—that moment of over-wrought feeling—there flowed out all the hidden secrets from those two hearts; Julia's tale of wrongs and sorrows was listened to with burning indignation—indignation that called forth the ardent love that burned still for her in his soul.

"Oh! Julia had you trusted your welfare in my keeping, I would have guarded you with my heart's blood from every sorrow, but you turned from me and chose another."

And then Julia burst forth again; she told him how she had loved him and how she had heard that he despised her. Disclosure followed disclosure, and alas! what marvel, when anger had thus broken down the barriers of reserve, if love burning and impetuous rushed in and took possession of the citadel. An hour, two hours, had past and Ned's arm was thrown around Julia with a protecting tender clasp, such as she had fancied no arm on earth could ever enfold her with; and, reader, Julia, poor Julia, remember, knew nothing of *that* Arm on which we may safely lean and come forth from the deepest wilderness of trouble. For the first time in her life tones of love and tenderness thrilled upon her ear; she felt she was of importance to some one, she had some one to love and cherish her through the battle of life. All was told in that confidential intercourse with her one friend—her bruised arm, her horse's death—all her griefs were breathed into his ear: they were too much self-absorbed to feel remorse; they had almost forgotten Snelgrove, save as one who had come between them and separated those true hearts that now clung to each other. The opening of the door roused them, and Lord Snelgrove and a boon companion reeled into the room in a state of intoxication. Julia was about to escape hastily, when Lord Snelgrove, with the manner Ahasuerus might have used to Vashti, put his arm round her waist and commanded her stay.

"Here," leered his inebriated Lordship; "here we'll go shares, Gould, with her as we've done with the Dashwood's smiles;" and he gave her a violent push which nearly flung her into the arms of Major Gould, when Ned sprang forward, and placing her arm within his was leading her to the door.

"Lady Snelgrove will be better in her own apartments," said he.

"And who on earth are you, sir, who attempt to interfere between

me and my wife? I'll teach you how to meddle with what doesn't concern you;" and the tipsy nobleman put on a face of intoxicated wisdom and attempted to square up at Ned, who still covered Julia's escape and moved with her towards the door. Snelgrove reeled forward, and would have struck Julia a tremendous blow on the side of her head had not Conyers' protecting arm been stretched out to ward it off. In one moment he had laid Snelgrove flat on the floor, and Julia fled through the door-way, pausing not till she had gained her own apartments and safely locked herself in to recover from the bewilderment of so many quickly succeeding feelings and agitations on the same morning—anger, sorrow, love, joy, fear, and wrath mingled together. In the meanwhile Ned summoned Franklin to remove his now stupified master to his bed and persuaded Gould, who was in the friendly and affectionate state of the complaint, to let him accompany him to his hotel. They accordingly paraded the streets of Rome arm in arm, Major Gould vowing the tenderest attachment for Captain Conyers, occasionally informing the bystanders that he was "the best *fellow* ever lived now, that he was; and if you was to say he wasn't, why (sleepily), why I'd fight you, that I would, I'd fight you." Glad enough was Ned to get him safe housed, and loose himself from the burden of this inconvenient friendship. An hour afterwards Lady Snelgrove's maid knocked at her door where she still sat locked in her thoughts all in a maze of bewilderment. She bore a second note:

"Julia, my own beloved Julia," it said, "this is no home for you. Since your dear lips breathed the words of love they uttered to me to-day, you have become mine—mine to guard and watch over. Come then with me, Julia—leave a man who has violated every right to be called a husband. May Heaven forgive us if we are wrong; but it *cannot* be wrong to sever you from the dominion of a wretch like that. Come, my Julia, my darling, to arms that yearn for you; to the heart that worships you, and to him who will cherish and defend you against the world. At eleven I shall meet you under the mulberry tree at the end of the garden. Do not fail.—Your own devoted

NED!"

(To be continued.)

SPRING.

BY LEILA.

" Welcome, all hail to thee ! welcome, young spring !

The sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing ;
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees ,
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.

Music, sweet music, cheers meadow and lea ;
In the song of the blackbird, the hum of the bee ,
The loud, happy laughter of children at play,
Proclaims how they worship spring's beautiful day."

BRIGHT and beautiful spring has approached ; and at the touch of this bud-arrayed goddess flowers spring up, and the bare and withered-looking trees begin to shoot ; first is seen a tiny speck of green up the leafless branches, which daily increases until it becomes one mass of leaves, a home for the feathered warblers to dwell in, and for the sunbeams to dance in and out, as if they were having a game of hide-and-seek. Winter flees before her touch, and the earth which looked so desolate and barren becomes green and radiant. Leaflets and flowerets awake from their wintry sleep. Birds begin to sing. The bright sun glows with the heat of the coming summer. In all countries spring is beautiful. Every one hails it with delight ; it brings fresh hopes and new pleasures, and we feel inclined to sing as joyous a carol as the Rhodian children sang of old.

We love the genial spring-tide, not for itself alone, but because it restores to earth its beauteous flowers. Glorious flowers ! how we have looked and longed for your return to this world of ours ; gazing with longing, anxious eyes for your re-appearance ; hailing, with a glad smile the first snowdrop we beheld, which, alas, too soon withered 'neath the rough grasp of the northern wind. In its footsteps come the modest, sweet-scented violets in quiet lanes, at the foot of the woodland trees they spring : only their fragrance tell us where they bloom. We seek them, and beneath the sere and withered leaves of the past autumn we find them ; here and there we see the primroses and cowslips.

Soon our meadow-lands will be radiant with their jewelled treasures, the butter-cups and daisies : other flowers too have brought their glowing offerings to the shrine of spring. Now, once more, will our ears be gladdened with the joyous carol of the sweet-voiced swallows, whose blithe songs shall echo again through our woods ; and there is nothing so perfect as the music of the joyous, light-hearted birds—cheering our

hearts, reviving our spirits. What is so harmonious as the silver whistle of the blackbird, the chirp-cry of the chiff-chaff, the heaven-stirring notes of the skylark, the gentle twitter of the chaffinch, the harp-voiced notes of the thrush, the ever pleasant coo-coo of the wood-pigeon, and above all the song of the liquid warbling swallows, the minstrel-harbingers of the coming summer. Oh! truly the songs of birds are delightful. If our hearts are faint, they cheer us; if our spirits are low, they raise them; if we feel lonely, they seem to say they sympathize with us. Euterpe seems to have used all her powers on the feathered dwellers of the woods, and now that winter is hastening away, and we already stand on the threshold of the spring, we wait with listening ears for the carols of the birds, who will now return, and the green waving woods will again echo with their thrilling music. Earth is full of music; to everything in nature, Euterpe has given some of her power: there is music in the rippling brooklet, in the foaming boisterous sea, in the whispering zephyr, in the storm wind, and every brightly-hued flower is surrounded by voiceless music that speaketh forcibly to our hearts; but, more than all, she hath given it to the birds, those joyous beings, hiding in the green coverts of our woods, giving forth their sweet notes; which echoing through the forests, seem to say that God made them sing, to proclaim to the world how much He himself loveth music.

But all this is not merely for our pleasure, and our enjoyment: it is a symbol which we must feel and comprehend. Our different stages of life are represented in the seasons of the year. The autumn blast that withers the flowers and leaves, represents sickness, which destroys us; winter is the shadow of death that comes upon us; but, following winter, is the beautiful and glowing spring—everything re-arrayed in light; everything speaking of hope and love, and joy: this is symbolical of our resurrection. But with us, then, there never-more will be an autumn, nor a winter—only a summer. On earth, when that season arrives, everything reaches perfection. This represents faintly, dimly, but still it is a representation of that time which, however distant, will come, when heaven and earth shall be made one. Let us not merely gaze on nature, and all her glorious beings, as only pleasures for our tastes; let us see in them, and learn from them, the great and truthful lesson they teach.

“But what awak’st thou in the heart, O spring!

The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs!

Thou that giv’st back so many a buried thing,

Restorer of forgotten harmonies!

Fresh songs and scents break forth where’er thou art,

What wak’st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! we know not well

Wherefore it should be thus, yet rous’d by thee,

What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul’s deep cell,

Gush for the faces we no more may see!

How are we haunted in thy mind’s low tone

By voices that are gone!”

To some among us, the destroying angel has come. So amid the surrounding brightness, a shadow lingers; a feeling of sorrow steals over one; a sense of loneliness: we miss many a familiar face, whose bright smile in the springs of yore, had beamed upon us lovingly; they are gone from us for the for-ever of time. A mightier than Boreas came, and with his "sickle keen" he reaped the dear flower of our home; he stole from us our dear one—the friend of many a bygone year—the companion of our joys—the sympathizer in our sorrows. The voice of spring cannot bring them back, it cannot fill the vacant place. No! they are gone to the spirit-world, and will come to us again no more; but we shall go to them. The sunshine is less bright, the flowers less gay, and the birds less joyous, for the shadow of a grave falls between them and us; but they loved the spring, and for their sakes *we* love it too. It comes, although laden with many a mournful retrospect, speaking of hope, and with its finger pointing upward, and whispers in our ears: "Not lost, only gone before."

Yet withal the spring is a blithesome season, and now as we stand upon its threshold, we thank God for it. To the sorrow-laden and the troubled, with the silvery voice of hope, doth it whisper of peace, of a brighter future in store, of comfort in their woe, of rest from their trials. To the disappointed—they, the toil-worn world drudges, it gives fresh vigour. Once more they set forth on their weary road with lighter hearts, blighted hopes revived, feeling its kindly smiles helping them onward.

The spring! fair in its virgin beauty, resplendent in its youthful glory, shedding over the world its gladsome smiles, dispelling gloom and darkness. We greet thee, beautiful spring, with bounding hearts and see amid thy budlet coronal the silver chord of hope.

THE MERRY LITTLE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

FROM cavernous darkness I burst into light,
Musical, sparkling, and merry, and bright,
Increasing in strength and in speed as I flow
To the flowery valley there blooming below ;
'Midst the heather and bracken I hurry along,
Leaping, and rippling, and singing my song ;
O'er my rock-bouldered bed I joyously fly,
For a merry little mountain stream am I !

Through the bright sunny valley I speed on my way,
Though the flowers with kisses my waters would stay ;
Their beauty and fragrance they on me bestow
As I smile on their petals and onward I flow ;
And the brightest of flowers are those in whose face
I have looked with delight, and blessed with my grace,
And I ripple with pride as I bid them good-bye,
For a merry little mountain stream am I !

Through thick copses unseen I prattle along,
My whereabouts told by my joy-giving song ;
And I smile in my heart as I secretly flow
At the beauties unnumbered that shelter me so ;
And I laugh out a rich mellow peal of delight
As I burst from the flower-starred splendour of night,
And bounding along greet the open blue sky,
For a merry little mountain stream am I !

But my chiefest delight as I haste to the sea,
Is the bright little journey I run through the lea,
For there on my banks at each twilight hour,
Come the young-hearted lovers with bliss for their dower,
And with arms interlaced they look on as I flow,
Their rapture revealed in the cheek's sunny glow,
And I list to each tale, and repeat every sigh,
For a merry little mountain stream am I !

O my life is a round of pleasure and song ;
My days are passed blithely the flowers among ;
And music and laughter I scatter about,
And the children reply with a light-hearted shout ;
And joyous and jocund, unfettered and free,
I bound on and on till I am lost in the sea ;
Absorbed in whose bosom I happily lie,
For a merry little mountain stream am I !

OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND."

PART THE SIXTH.*

THE SURPLUS WOMEN. THE OLD DELUSION. STILL OF THE
WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN: OF "GOOD MEN AND TRUE."

IN THIS COUNTRY when it is suggested that the supply of work for women is not commensurate with the demand; and that in consequence there is no small danger of so many per Cent. of the sufferers annually dying of starvation; or joining the ranks of the "unfortunate" that they may buy bread and eat, there is a strange but general tendency to conclude that distressed and unprotected females are to be found exclusively among the *unmarried*.

One result of this extraordinary and lamentable delusion is that divers well-meant "hints" are gratuitously given to the Spinsters; and many homilies on "the whole duty of woman" addressed to them, in the midst of innumerable pleasantries, written and pictorial, from the jibing doggrel of the witty jester and the ludicrous designs of the modern Gilray who careless of paining the victims seek only to excite the risibility of the Public; down to the dull jokes of the miserable Merry-Andrew to whom the horse-laugh of the vulgar brings the "solid pudding" that he loves better than fame.

Interpreted—the hints, the homilies, the ready doggrel, the clever caricatures and the heavy jokes convey the same meaning, the same admonition—

"Women want trades—bosh! why don't they get married?"

In short "the fine old English gentleman," and his successor the modern bearded darling, *cigare à la bouche* and eye-glass in orbit, are most singularly unanimous in recommending a HUSBAND, instead of a métier to the half-starved woman wanting employment or wearing her fingers to the bone for bread. The counsel is kind, paternal, fraternal and Christian; it comes from the heart most certainly, if not from the head, and is in keeping with the gallantry of the elder and the coolness of the younger. Great is the pity therefore that the poor creature in the slough of despond should be unable to act as advised, being already—a wife.

It would not be difficult to show *how* it happens that all, or more accurately speaking the huge majority amongst us, still cling with marvel-

* For the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth papers of this series, vide "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," November and December 1862, and January, February, and March 1863.

lous tenacity to the notion that our Sisters can want home, fire, food, raiment, the smiles of hope and the light of happiness *only when single*: that we still hug the belief that, *when married*, the same gentle creatures need thenceforth, neither hew wood nor draw water,—neither toil nor spin,—nor till the ground—nor beg;—neither labour hand, heart, and brain until tired nature faint beneath the task. If the readers of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," will look back to what we have already written upon the subject that engages us, they will find some indications serving to explain one of the puzzling enigmas of the age. Quaint Thomas Tusser, Martin Doyle, and William Cobbett have, each in his own fashion, photographed the supreme dislike of our countrymen to walk out of the bias of inherited or adopted ideas,—to revive old customs or to make trial of new. The unsteeped seed-corn sown in districts of Ireland to this day; the three-horses-abreast in ploughing, obstinately persisted in by our English farmers; the neglect of spade-husbandry; the disregard of oxen in the labours of the field; and the contemptuous sneer at Indian corn as "fit for Yankees, paupers, and poultry only," are among the ready proofs that once fairly launched upon a line it is truly a work of time and wondrous zeal to get us "off the groove."

So we must have patience, dear Sisters, with the venerable creed about husbands: and, at the risk of being pronounced heretical and excommunicate,—of being yawned at and languidly described as "incontheivably tirehome,"—of being suspected as possessed of "but one idea" and that "very unfeminine and absurd," we must iterate and re-iterate the facts. No matter how weary my Lord, how widely he stretch his jaws, and how lamentably he look around him for pity:—no matter how sceptical my Lady, how pettishly she play with her fan or level her glass, or lean back in her chair and assume an air of polished indifference;—no matter either how the Pit fret and grow critical at the "vain repetition" and the Gallery launch the thunders of Olympus at our heads—we must "go on," certain that a group of attentive auditors will be ours,—that the pale martyrs and the great-of-heart who commiserate their sufferings on the rack, will listen and perhaps profit.

Some of us undoubtedly see through the glittering soap-bubble which, in the shape of matrimony, is commended to the grasp of a world of fair hands; and as enlightened as the *Savans* who while the awe-stricken many are gazing with blanched cheeks upon Mr. Pepper's "Ghost" at the Polytechnic know that it is no ghost at all, we might be tempted to smile at the genial fallacy of that dear old Sir Roger and the respectable routinism of the Hon. Augustus Redtape were we not restrained by the worn faces and wistful eyes of *two millions of wives* whom the Census of 1851 introduced to our knowledge as working for the maintenance of husbands, sick, lame, lazy or unfortunate, and of children whose number increased faster than the poor mothers' means to support them. The pallid front of "the sad Florentine" grew paler at the wan and woe-struck phantoms who in drear procession turned upon him their mournful

eyeballs as he journeyed through the circles of the "dolorous city:" so must all lighter emotions be checked in the presence of these guiltless but heavily tried women to whom marriage, meant to increase the happiness of life, has brought more than its inevitable cares and sacrifices with far less than its commonest compensations. But, from the spectacle, gathering fresh courage to plead for a wiser discretion in all that regards the preparation of women for the battle of life in which they are now compelled to take part *or die*; we must, heedless of interruption, of cavil, of contradiction, *iterate and reiterate* the fact that the Census returns, the columns of the Newspapers, of the *Times* by which Englishmen swear, the Police reports, the Coroners' inquests, the Verdicts of death from "inanition," "starvation," "suicide;" the revelations of the Mid-night meeting movement, fraught with warning terrible as the cry of the Prophet Jonah; the number of "Surplus women," of bewildered young girls, of disheartened wives and despairing widows,—proclaim aloud that marriage is not at every woman's command and that for many to whose lot it has fallen, it has proved but a bitter deception.

Strange nay incomprehensible that, in England, cool, clear-headed and observant men and women shall continue to believe in holy matrimony as a refuge for the destitute and the haven in which woman's hopes may safely anchor: incomprehensible indeed when the daily experience of life in the reckless, busy, railway times upon which the world has fallen, serves to show more clearly than at any former period, that when the bridegroom, in the face of heaven and its minister, takes upon himself to make the solemn declaration to the bride—

"WITH MY BODY I THEE WORSHIP, WITH MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW"—

he does not, nor can he, guarantee to the woman thenceforth his wife that his words shall not one day prove as unsubstantial, nay utterly worthless, null and void, as words very frequently are.

On their wedding-day, no doubt, most women are prone to think that the comfort, happiness, and dignity that wedlock promises to each, will prove real and enduring. No doubt, when the poor widowed lady of whose sorrow, helplessness, and desolation we sketched a picture in our last—no doubt when she stood at the altar, listened to the words we have just quoted, and heard the oath that sealed the binding obligation, it never occurred to her to think that the time might come when her husband should be taken from her by an inexorable hand; that the home to which she went a bride radiant with youth and hope should be hers no longer; that the happiness she fancied her own "for life" should fade in the shadows of the grave, and, of all, nothing to remain to her but a bleeding heart, a widow's anguish, a mother's agony for her children, and a woman's withering consciousness that she is in poverty, powerless, and alone: *Alone* in the world, "the wide, wide world," with plenty of space in it 'tis true, dear reader—for the bird that hath wings and can flee away;—with troops of friends for the rich whose welfare is inexpressibly

dear to every one around them ; with inexhaustible resources to those who want them least ; no difficulties to the bone-and-sinew to which the cords of Samson would be scarce more than green withes ; no let or hindrance to the bearded prodigal who may snap his fingers at Mrs Grundy, laugh the "usages" to scorn, carry his wallet on his back through the world, eat, drink, and make merry with the roughest specimen of humanity on the roadside, and at sunset compose himself to sleep beneath a hedge, certain that when day break he may go about his business none the worse for his rude fare, rude couch, and ruder messmate.

Ah, poor lady, lone widow, little did she, or, being young, happy, loving and beloved, *could* she, in the first years of her married life ever dream of the possibility that she should one day have to buckle on strange armour and fight that "battle of life" which old, fond notions and tender fostering and a husband's ceaseless cares had taught her to look upon as a struggle in which men only were destined or called upon to take part.

But the day did come: the rash speculation ; the apoplectic stroke ; the piece of orange peel ; the run-away horse—fulfilled its mission ; made the wife a widow, the children fatherless.

Now if the blow had fallen upon the heart only ; if it had not crushed in the roof-tree, extinguished the fire upon the hearth, opened the door to the cold blasts of winter and the grisly forms of want and poverty, and sent the dear ones adrift ? If the woman had been armed, prepared. Ah, if she had ! When the fond husband, the tender father is snatched from the bosom of his family, if *the chief Mourner* were but capable of supplying his place, of continuing his business, of taking up some trade or profession acquired in her youth to be used as a resource when the time of need might come ; if with faculties trained and exercised in more than the direction of the servants, the dining-parlour, the drawing-room ; with fingers skilled not merely in needlework and pastry, on the piano, or the harp, *the Widow* could perform the duty of the departed ; if, nobly rising above her anguish, stifling her grief, devouring her tears, forcing back upon her heart the surging memories that, if indulged, would paralyze exertion, *the Mother* gathering her children about her could bid them weep *but fear not*,—men and women would be great gainers, and the benevolent not so often afflicted by the spectacle of homes broken up by the death of *one man*.

When poor Tom Brown broke his neck at the six-bar-gate, if Mrs. B. could only have carried on the trade, or been capable of managing some other in a regular business-like way, poor, dear woman ! what a blessing it would have been for herself and the little ones.

And Tom Brown's friend throws down a guinea towards the subscription for Tom Brown's widow and "young family of nine," "to put her into a small Berlin-wool shop, with toys, stationery, and newspapers." Welaway, welaway ! ladies and gentlemen, it's a weary prospect that of a Berlin-wool shop, with fading patterns, gathering dust and fly-stained

periodicals—a weary prospect for a troubled woman in weeds, still wet with tears; for a trembling mother with nine young lambs to feed, and clothe, and shelter; for a genteelly-bred female to whom the economy of trade, the art of book-keeping, and the science of extracting the largest possible amount of profit from the least possible amount of outlay, are things utterly unknown, and, education considered, as utterly beyond her faculty of comprehension.

The issue of the trading speculation may be divined without the aid of a sybil; three months of hope deferred and the rent is due, the baker rude, the butcher clamorous; three more and the landlord puts in an execution and turns out the widow. Where she goes and what becomes of the little lambs is known to the County-court functionaries, and after them the faithful servants of God and the kind, visiting ladies, those angels of charity who find their way into poor and wretched neighbourhoods, into narrow streets and squalid lanes, lifting the latch of fever-haunted dwellings, descending into noisome cellars or mounting to some low-roofed garret to minister to the wants of suffering nature, and to whisper words of peace and consolation in the dying ear.

Is the tale untrue, think ye? Is the picture overdrawn, too sombre in colour, too stern in outline?

Alas, no, dear readers; the scene is photographed from life,—the one portrait—after death.

In the present day, in the year of our Lord 1863, within the four seas of Britain there are many Tom Browns' widows, so many, indeed, that it is perhaps rather more for the sake of these friendless and helpless objects of tender sympathy than for that of their humbler sisters, these desultory papers are given to the consideration of the public.

That marriage ensures to them a provision for life is a flattering delusion common to most women not of the humbler classes: and unfortunately for the interests of the weaker sex, this particular delusion as regards their sisters, wives, and daughters is also entertained by men in the same sphere of life. The consequence is, that when the protector is no more, the condition of the better born and more delicately-nurtured is one of much greater peril and difficulty than that of the daughter of the people. Jack takes Jill "for better for worse, for richer for poorer," but has no qualms of conscience, no upbraiding thought that he fails in the performance of his duty, if Jill's hands work as hard—or rather ten times harder for her bread after the twain are made one, than before. The farm-labourer, the mill-hand, and the mechanic look upon it as a matter of course that the young women whom they marry shall regularly help to support themselves and their offspring. Half the distressed artisans in Lancashire are females, the married in due proportion to the single, and these, mothers as well as wives, dependent for their maintenance, not as innocent credulity may imagine, upon their husband's wages, but upon *their own*: rising at daybreak in summer, by candle-light in winter; dosing their hapless infants to sleep with Godfrey's Cordial or Daffy's Elixir;

leaving their poor homes and hurrying slipshod to the factories, there, in a stifling atmosphere, midst the whirr of spindles, the shock of machinery and the deafening roar of the steam-engine, heated, panting, brain-bewildered and half-blinded, to pursue their monotonous toil, early and late, day after day, till the colour fades from the woman's cheek, the brightness from her eye, the laughter from her lip, and the gladness from her heart. The bread of the very youngest of her children—those but a little older help to maintain themselves—depends upon the mother's industry no less than upon that of the father. And with the sisters of the factory women it is the same lot. The wife of the poor man, in town and country, has, in vulgar parlance, to put her shoulder to the wheel in earnest; or some rainy morning the fire goes out upon the hearth and the wolf walks in at the door. Poor creature! she must "mind her home" and earn money "out of doors:" must cook, wash, make, mend, and clean up for the husband and "youngsters;" go out charring or nursing, take in ironing and mangling, do a little in selling oysters, apples, and "sweet stuff;" or if "very respectably brought up," try her hand on millinery and dress-making for the old dames and young servants of all-work about her.

The popular belief that woman is born to marry; that married she is "settled;" and that "settled" she need trouble her head with nothing more than pleasing her husband, ordering the dinner, nursing her infant, overlooking her servants, and seeing that her house is clean, well-kept, and "as it ought to be," has caused, and will continue to cause, much misery in this country. Times are changed, and the conditions of society, like all other things, are changed with them. Much of what was once true is true no longer; that which was right and practicable yesterday, is to-day the opposite; and if the popular belief regarding woman's destiny and her dispensation by marriage from the care of her own maintenance be still green and flourishing as of old, it is most certain, that, to a very serious, nay, pernicious extent, its practical illustration is neglected. To make profession of a faith is one thing: to act in conformity with it, another.

Of course, it cannot be denied, that, to support his wife is the duty of a man, and in view of this he professes to *endow her with all his worldly goods*; but, whether from obliquity of mind, or a peculiar and one-sided interpretation of the marriage service, many men's notions of what it imposes upon them are singularly self-indulgent; and, most awkwardly for the parties who suffer, the particular duty to home involved in supplying all the necessaries, and of the comforts and luxuries of life so much as the means of the husband and the status of the family may warrant, is one regarded occasionally as not binding upon the conscience. It is true that the law of the land takes a less cavalier view of the matter: that it pronounces it compulsory upon a man to maintain the woman whom he has made his wife, and who has not by misconduct forfeited her claim; and that should he fail to do this, it can be invoked for the punishment of the offender, if found, by the Parochial authorities,

that is to say, the Guardians of the poor, represented by the Relieving officer from the workhouse in which the wife must have taken shelter.

All very clear this, and very comforting to any doubting and dispirited young woman who begins to suspect that her dear Frederick is less regular in attendance to business, more ready to smoke another cigar and look lazily over "*that 'Times,'*" and less prompt in responding to the numerous demands on the cash-box that a growing family entails. But among our "two millions" of wives who toil for the maintenance of their husbands, many thousands could be pointed out, who under fictions that deceive nobody, of "delicacy," "ill health," "expectations from his father," etc., seek to disguise the worthlessness of a drone, and with woman's inexhaustible courage and unselfishness, take up the burden meant for the ruder frame, working for the husband who will not; and the children who cannot work for themselves. And to do this, to perform this double duty, to chain the thoughts to "business," its wear and tear, its daily vexations and perplexities, yet not take from the English home its character, not deprive the little ones of maternal care—to do this, yet contrive to keep undiminished the sunshine of smiles, and love and sweet caresses for the fireside, for the cradle-bed, the mother's sanctuary and the paradise of the child—perhaps no man has weighed and measured the amount of ability, patience, tenderness, and heroism necessary to get through the task; certainly not one suspected that, although the woman's heart faint not, the brain may yield beneath the pressure of the vital powers decay.

That of these two millions and upwards of married women, there are many who, in supporting their husbands, act under compulsion, is unquestionably true: the man who, with health, strength, and reasoning faculty, is abject enough to eat the bread which a woman earns, is capable of using authority, menace, or violence to compel the labour of his slave. When the inquest was held in Ratcliff, very appositely at the sign of *The Lamb*, upon the body of the poor needlewoman's baby, dead of starvation, it was proved in evidence that the husband of Ann Pickering was a lazy fellow who wished his wife to work and keep him in idleness. And notwithstanding the pleasant and comforting theory, that matrimony endows a woman for life with home, food, fire, and raiment, there is in this world of disenchantment, dear ladies, many worthless husbands, and "lazy fellows" owing their entire support to the industry of their ill-used wives: from the rolls, coffee, and cold meat that they consume at breakfast to the mild Havannah that they smoke through the day; from the hat upon the head to the boots upon the feet, all, meat and drink, fine linen and Saxony; watch, chain, studs, pin, rings and eye-glass; cambric handkerchief and kid gloves, pocket-money and Eau-de-Cologne;—every thing that they eat, drink, wear, waste and spend, procured by the unremitted toil of the women whom these libels upon men have sworn at the altar "to love, comfort, honour and keep."

That the "lazy fellows" in rags and fustian or in suits from Poole or

Moses, unpleasantly crop up in every state of life where labour of hand or brain is the price of subsistence and the good things of this world, is a fact from which, scandalous and almost incredible as it is, fathers and mothers may gather a salutary warning. Well for their daughters, the "lazy fellows" are the exceptions, if the improvident, the unfortunate, and the short-lived are somewhat more frequently observed. Well for women that "the manly heart" of the good old song is not a ballad-maker's myth, but a dear reality of flesh and blood moved by noble instincts, and beating with honest pulses whose generous warmth not even age can chill. Well indeed for them, their helplessness and stereotyped training considered, that there are good men and true, "plenty as blackberries," in the dominions of QUEEN VICTORIA; men chivalrous as Bayard, tender, pure-minded and high souled as ALBERT, whose motto, like their Prince's, might be TREU UND FEST;—to whom duty is sacred, home the altar of the affections, and wife and children the most precious gifts of Heaven.

Oh And here a difficulty occurs; the hardest part of our task confronts us. How are we to induce such men to listen to our arguments, to take cognizance of the evidence upon which they are based—to tolerate the bare allusion to a possibility that an adored wife an idolized daughter may have to step over the threshold, to face the world, alone, unprovided for, unprotected save by the gallantry of the Nineteenth century? Untouched by the hurtful influences of ultra-civilisation; neither fast man; nor gold-digger; nor elegant "*Beaujolais*;" seeing not, hearing not the terrible aspect and "voices of the night" as night makes itself visible in the streets of the modern Babylon; fathoming not the dark and sullen flood that rolls its turbid waters beneath that "Bridge of Sighs" of which the Poet sung in thrilling numbers; having the faith of a child in the eternity of a summer's day of sunshine and flowers and happiness; having the confidence of a man without guile, in the power of goodness and innocence and beauty and pure principle to disarm evil and to flee the snares of the tempter—*how* is the delicate, sensitive, chivalrous husband and father to be brought to endure the plan of teaching females to maintain themselves in the hour of need?

Men of whom such is the type, repel the notion that wife or daughter should do anything to increase the income of the family: to them it is abhorrent that the objects of their affection should learn how hard it is to earn money; that either should cultivate a talent or exercise an accomplishment for gain. It is not so much their pride that is offended as their tenderness that is wounded. Nor does the project of placing a staff in the hands of a daughter with a pilgrimage through this world before her, perchance a rugged road, full of pitfalls, and overgrown with thorns,—nor does this project, we remark, meet favour with the class who take things as they find them, who do as their fathers did before them, think that to-day is or ought to be the counterpart of yesterday, and drop asleep in their arm-chairs after dinner satisfied with everything

about them. Who shall venture to hint that a great social change is going on around them? that the sons have newer opinions than their Sires;—that there are colonies, and gold-fields, and "diggings," and "placers"—strong temptations and "a fortune" to be turned up in the twinkling of an eye by a lucky stroke of the pick; to crown all and to bridge over every difficulty, that there are railways and steamers to carry off the enterprising young men, and eke the middle-aged, who choose to shoulder their knapsacks and go. Who shall break in upon the old man's dream with discordant voice and disquieting truths? Perhaps "Anna-Jemima" or "Mamma" when the last of the "boys" bids good-bye to home; and a four months' voyage, a wild waste of waters separate the Brother from the Sister, the Son from the Mother.

EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS, ladies and gentlemen; cultivate their intellectual faculties more, their sensibilities less; be not afraid, nature will take care of the latter:—Give the girls money in the funds; houses and lands, if you can, and it please you to do it. A son-in-law is not invariably the most valuable or accommodating member of the family circle; is sometimes particularly obnoxious to his wife's mother, not infrequently expensive and troublesome to her father; but a HUSBAND is something, indeed a loud hubbub of voices assures us "*everything*;" so make the darlings happy with the men of their choice. But—EDUCATE THEM—EDUCATE THEM:—have done with "Mrs. Triplegentee's Seminary;" see that our "young friends" learn rather more than that very refined lady includes in her "system;" and at the hazard of making her swoon or leave the parlour precipitately, lop off the mouldering "Branches" and two-thirds of the "brilliant accomplishments" that Mrs. Triplegentee and her Order emphatically describe as "a useful and polite education." Give the sisters a share of their brothers' studies: exercise and discipline them for the realities of life *as it is in their own day*, not as it was and as poets paint it: give them a trade or profession—ah, Madam, do not faint we beseech you!—let them be initiated into the mysteries of bookkeeping by double and single entry. Our word for it they will not be less dutiful daughters, less affectionate wives, less agreeable and rational companions.

Above all, dear ladies and gentlemen, deign to remember that funded property has changed hands before this: that houses and lands have vanished; Trustees proved fraudulent; brothers too prone to marry; husbands more smitten with novelty than "home, sweet home;" and clever speculators, at fault "on 'Change."

FINALLY, that when paying the great debt of nature, our best men are as liable to leave destitute widows and young children as our worst.

E. S. C.

April 21st, 1863.

["The seventh part of OUR SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND," will appear (D.V.) in "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*" for June.]

A RAMBLE IN SOME SCENES OF FACT AND FICTION.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

"If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head," ran the epistle of Newman Noggs to Nicholas Nickleby. We thought of that same note, one day in the autumn, as chance set us down at the Barnard Castle railway station. And, sure enough, poor Newman said truly, as the writer hereof can testify; for we felt a peculiar sense of delight in taking a seat and calling for a tankard of the good liquor of "mine host" in grateful remembrance of the pleasures afforded by "Nicholas Nickleby." We *thought* a toast, as we raised the foaming cup to our lips. If we had spoken our thought, it would have been, "Here's to John Browdie, and long life to the writer who has told his story."

We were at school when we made the acquaintance of Browdie, and always retained a keen remembrance of the satisfaction which the Yorkshireman's conduct—on meeting Nicholas, after the thrashing of Squeers—created amongst the boys of Dr. Birch's establishment. This, coupled with the fact that Mr. John Browdie walked into the King's Head when we called for the refreshment, as aforesaid, gained for him the Bacchanalian attention named, and we almost expected the stranger to reply. It must have been the Yorkshireman; for we seemed to know him immediately. He was Browdie, as we had pictured him years ago, and he went through a variety of Browdieisms, in our presence, that a few years previously would have been a sufficient identification to us and the three other boys at Dr. Birch's who read the adventures of Nicholas together, and never for a moment doubted the truth of the stirring narrative. He had John Browdie's rough stick, his voice, his gait, his leathern purse, and his horse was waiting outside. He drank a deep draught of ale, and paid for it out of the very same purse that was handed to the fugitive usher on the memorable journey to London. We watched him mount his horse and ride up the street until he was out of sight, and then hoped, for the sake of the resemblance he bore to Charles Dickens's Yorkshireman, that he had as good-hearted a "Tilda" at home as she who excited the jealousy of her rough admirer on the occasion of that memorable tea-party which took place under the presidency of Miss Squeers.

As we passed through the churchyard, at Barnard Castle, a troop of children, fresh from school, came leaping over the tombstones, bringing to our remembrance many a pathetic chapter, in which Dickens has done such perfect justice to the hopes and fears, and passions, and troubles of

childhood. Desirous to learn, for ourselves, what might be the feeling at Barnard Castle, respecting the service done to humanity by the exposure of the Yorkshire schools, we questioned a rough but intelligent passer-by about "Do-the-Boy's-Hall." "Ah, th' schools wor vary bad in them days, vary bad," said the stranger, "and Dickens's book wor nigh upon t'truth, that's a fact; it all but ruined th' schoolmasters in these parts; one as I know on were bound to shut up, for it were oleways said he wor th' original Squeers." The school children came shouting and laughing by as we talked: they knew nothing of the sufferings of some little things over whose graves they romped so cheerfully. Rows of newly-washed linen flapped above the green mounds, and an old man sat dreaming his remaining hours away at the foot of the old church tower, upon the crumbling stones of which were recorded the names of the churchwardens during whose period of office it had been raised. Many, many years had passed since those same parochial officers, flushed with pride, had heard the bells ring on the completion of the work. Long since they have succumbed to that power which is rapidly bringing the memorial of their doings to the condition of the monuments which "themselves memorials need." The architect has passed away; and the builder; and the ringers; and the parson himself, and those to whom he ministered. And still all things move on as before: the children romp in the churchyard, choral strains steal out of the church and wander amongst the graves on Sunday evenings, and the music of the bells goes echoing away, as it did of yore, beyond the Tees. The parson, and the sexton, and the clerk, and the architect, and the churchwardens—none of them now are missed, even in such a small place as Barnard Castle. To us there has always been something painful in the thought of passing away like this, and leaving no void behind; in the consciousness that, some day, the scenes with which we are now familiar will know us no more; that the bells will ring not one jot the less merrily; that even our friends will soon forget us. For a year or two, perhaps, we may come forth in the sun, like you old man, beneath the church tower, and doze away existence. When we arrive at that age, our thoughts about these things will, no doubt, materially change, and we may come to sigh for that very oblivion, the contemplation of which, whilst the blood is hot, is provocative of such deep melancholy; for who would care to live to a period so remote as that which would place us without the range of familiar faces, and far beyond the prejudices and manners of the present? Not you, nor us, friendly reader, so let us even comfort ourselves with the great truth, that there is a time for all things, and that when the day comes we shall find it much more easy to believe that there is a time to *die* than we may now imagine.

Barnard Castle, as the readers of "Rokeby" will have gleaned from the notes to that poem, if from no other source, has many interesting historical associations. It is, moreover, a pleasant little town, consisting chiefly of one long broad street terminated by a beautiful rural district. Though we by no means intend even to sketch an outline of the town or its history

a few facts concerning it may not be without a passing interest to many readers. The locality suffered severely from the devastations of William the Conqueror, and history relates that no sooner had the Norman left it than Malcolm, King of Scotland, led his army into that district, "burning churches, murdering the nobles and carrying off the women and young men as captives for slavery." Guy Baliol, who came to this country with the Conqueror, received from his master some valuable possessions in the neighbourhood, and Barnard, son of Guy Baliol, built the fortress which bears his name and is alluded to at considerable length in Sir Walter Scott's first note to "Rokeby." The story of the Baliols, as related in Fordyce's "History of the County Palatine of Durham," is full of the romance of history. In later times the history of the Castle is mixed up with that of the Beauchamps, Nevilles, and Plantagenets. Barnard Castle bridge some few years ago gained quite a notoriety for the shocking murders which were perpetrated upon it: in 1681 it seems to have been the scene of the performance of illicit marriages something after the fashion of the Fleet marriages, the "solemnization" of which was only rendered illegal by an Act of Parliament introduced by Chancellor Hardwick and passed in 1754. The Barnard Castle marriages were performed in the centre of the bridge by a Bible clerk, "the Rev. Alexander Hilton." Fordyce remarks that the old rhyme said to have been made use of by him on these occasions, after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, ran as follows:

"My blessing on your pates, and your groats in my purse,
You are never the better, and I am never the worse."

"It is but justice to say, however," adds the historian, "that the authenticity of this couplet has been controverted; and it is said to have been an effusion of the sportive muse of Mr. Surtees." Barnard Castle is the birth-place of several "men of mark." Mr. Kilping, a famous mathematician of the last century; Mr. Ewbank, a writer on hydraulic engineering; the late Baron Hullock; and Dr. George Edwards, the author of several works, political, medical, and agricultural, were born here; and the ancestors of Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, resided in this town.

We inquired our way to Greta Bridge, where Mr. Squeers and the little boys and Nicholas and their luggage were put down by the London coach. A short cut over the fields was pointed out; and, as we found ourselves nearing Rokeby, the heroes of Dickens soon mingled in imagination with those of Sir Walter Scott. We have wondered, once or twice, since why Dickens did not fix upon paper some of the gorgeous scenery that abounds at Greta. Was it because Sir Walter had been before him and photographed the images of dale, and dell, and copse, and rock, and river? Certainly poet was never more true to nature than the author of Rokeby in his descriptions of the Yellow Tees and Greta, and the wooded and rocky banks between which the golden rivers flow. We will confess that we would have preferred "Rokeby" in chapters of prose to its dress of cantos

of verse. The story, we think, would have gained by the change, and none of the stirring and striking descriptions need have been lost; whilst the sweetest parts of the poem—Edmund's songs—would have remained intact, like the ballads in *Ivanhoe*. We venture to say as much in all humility; for we think that there is only one poetical gem in the course of the narrative which would lose any of its effect in the prose-poetry of the great Scotchman; and it is in the following beautiful simile wrought out of a description of the Greta:

“Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit
May view her chafe her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride,
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!”

It is not the grandest and most moving episodes in a poem or a novel that are always longest remembered. Much as a reader may like to feel his blood stirred by blazing castles, heroic deeds, desperate encounters, and *sensation scenes*, the quiet and more common-place parts often make the deepest impression. Locksley and his band dividing the spoil under the trysting tree is a picture that will come back to the memory more frequently and with greater freshness than the storming of the castle of Tarquillstone; and the descriptions of still life, and the fire-side interiors, in *Rokeby*, have more vitality in them than the animated and striking descriptions of the more startling events.

To return to our narrative. There is an inn at Greta Bridge; but it is not called “The New Inn,” as in “*Nicholas Nickleby*.” The Morritt Arms swings upon the sign-board, and it is, no doubt, so named after the owner of the *Rokeby* estate, to whom Sir Walter Scott dedicated his poem. The present proprietor of the estate is the son of Sir Walter's friend, and Member of Parliament for the East Riding. As we entered this hostlery Mr. Morritt was administering justice in a room especially devoted, once a fortnight, to the sittings of the local magistrates. The cups, and cans, and forms had been removed, though the odour of the pipes, smoked the night before, remained; and the rural court of justice was none the less formidable that it was not built of dressed stone, and furnished with oaken benches, witness boxes, and bar. It was, to our mind, a goodly English sight to see a Member of Parliament thus fulfilling his magisterial duties during the legislative recess. He was acting in a very different scene to that in which we had observed him bearing his part a few months previously when he was pointed out to us in the House of Commons. There was an Irish debate on. The reporters in the gallery were taking notes with great indifference, considering the energetic way in which the

O'Donoghue was speaking on a question dear to the hearts of Irishmen. A crowd was gathered together in the strangers' gallery (after visiting the Exhibition), looking, with wonder, down at the speaker in his robes, and up at the illuminated roof. The session over, we found one of the gentlemen who had sat on that night as a member of the greatest and most powerful legislative assembly in the world, seated in a wooden chair in a white-washed room, listening to the story of a garrulous old woman who had lost six apples, and to the whinings of a boy who, between two county constables, blubbered and protested that he was not the thief. Such is the life of an English country gentleman!

At the Morritt Arms may be procured a guide who conducts strangers through the charming grounds of Rokeby. Procuring this useful individual's assistance we wandered in the footsteps of the author of "Waverley." It was a bright, unclouded day. An autumn breeze chased along the footpath the first few leaves which had fallen from the brown and yellow trees. The dying year was gradually fading away in a blush of beauty. And when we had gained the bank of the Greta, what exquisite effects of light and shadow, and sudden glimpses of unexpected openings through the trees, like peeps into an unexplored fairyland! Who can wonder that Scott's poem should be so rich in pictures of wood and water? The Greta, a wealth of amber liquid, as it glides along to meet the Tees, flows over sheets of rock like a stream of fancy in some gorgeous classic poem.

"As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her current shone,
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain diadem."

It is just such a river as Professor Kingsley could describe, and several salmon, that swam round and round in a clear pool (waiting until the instinct of nature and the floods from the hills should prompt them to seek the ocean) brought back fresh to our memory Chapter III. of that remarkable work of fancy, the "Water Babies." But seated where Sir Walter Scott himself had sat, our thoughts, it will be readily imagined, were more about Matilda, Wilfrid, and the brave young Redmond: and as the sun went gradually down behind the hills, reddening the trees and making the water more golden still, memory dwelt upon the grand scene in the fifth canto, and imagination depicted the glow of the autumn sunset into the lurid glare amidst which the castle fell:

"Yon tower which late so clear defined,
On the fair hemisphere reclined,
That, pencill'd on its azure pure,
The eye could count each embazure,
Now, swathed within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;

A dismal beacon far and wide
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.

In gloomy arch above them spread
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red ;
Beneath a sombre light the flood
Appeared to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration drown'd ;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph at its close,
Struck wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sank—and Rokeby was no more."

Sir Walter tells us, in a note, that the ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. We did not stay to investigate the fact, but rambling with our guide down the bed of the river until the Greta met the Tees, we contemplated perhaps one of the most exquisite river views that is to be found in the North country : and as the season for summer trips and holiday excursions is coming on, let us commend the valley of the Tees to the special notice of tourists. The Greta came gently along a rocky defile, now gliding over a shining stone pavement, now creeping round ponderous rocks, now gurgling between narrow crevices. The Tees scorned to pass round the ponderous stones that lay in its path. It leaped boldly along, as one of the knights of Rokeby might have spurred to battle. In face of rocky barriers it murmured a deep defiance, and gradually scaling the rocks bounded over them with a shout, and hoisted a white pennon of victory in the shape of a cloud of spray. On either side the rocks rose high up ; whilst crowds of trees and shrubs and creeping things softened their harshness and fringed the river with beautiful foliage. As the Tees came nearer to the junction of the Greta we could not help likening the meeting to the marriage of two ardent lovers. The larger river seemed more subdued as he came to the altar, and the Greta murmured and joined him so sweetly and submissively, and gently and lovingly, that it were no difficult matter, whilst looking on, to idealise the twain, and make one a gallant knight such as Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and the other a Lady Rowena.

Eggleston Abbey is only a short distance from Rokeby. There are the remains of a fine window, several walls and arches, and some crumbling tombs on one of which we traced the name of "Rokeby." Like the remains of all our old religious houses it is situated in a charming spot, in the midst of rich pastures, and by woods well stocked with game, and by a river prolific of fish. Close by is the Abbey Bridge, a magnificent structure, which point Sir Walter Scott considers to be the best for a view of the romantic course of the Tees. As evening wore into night we stood upon the bridge listening to the river's rumbling over its stony-

sheeted bed ; and we shall long hear rising, above the din of every-day life, the sound of Rokeby's whispering woods mingling with the song, the opening stanza of which shall form a golden clasp to this our brief but rambling gossip :—

“ O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.”

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR ASLEEP ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION, 1862.

With life the surging arena teems,
But the Christian martyr sleeps and dreams,
Perchance of an home and distant shore,
Perchance of friends he will see no more ;
While bright in a vision the slaughtered Blest
Bend from their thrones, and bid him rest ;
Pointing above, where Christ looks down
To change the cross for a changeless crown ;
Pointing below, where rays of light
Across the arena are shining bright :
So sleeps he and smiles, though death be near ;
The Christian feels nor dread, nor fear,
For will not the suffering of the morrow
Bring the recompense with the sorrow ?
E'en the executioner stops to trace
The look of rest on the fair, worn face ;
Wondering in sooth at the wondrous faith,
That keeps him calm at the hour of death ;
Feeling remorse to break that sleep,
The last upon earth, so calm and deep.

The gates are opened. The panther's scream,
The gaunt lion's roar, break on his dream,
A moment of fear—a firm fixed trust :
A struggle—and rolled in blood and dust
The mangled corpse is the wild beasts' prey,
The spirit hath passed to endless day.

M. I. H.

WORKING MEN AND THEIR HOMES.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

OUR continental neighbours are extremely fond of depicting us as a home-loving nation, who love to seclude themselves in great, ugly square-built boxes, termed by courtesy houses, for the purpose of enjoying the selfish pleasures of undisturbed privacy. To our Gallic friends, the whole thing seems so utterly absurd, that they look upon it merely as another proof of the eccentricity of the English character, arising from over-indulgence in "rosbif and plum-pudding;" for the cold, dull appearance of our manufacturing towns but ill accords with the temperament of a people, whose writers love to sip their absinthe or lemonade amid the lights of the *Palais Royale*, or the crowded Boulevards, and who shiver at the bare thought of the seemingly cheerless and dreary home-life of the unaspiring English. Yet it is this very love of home which has developed so many heroic qualities in our national character, and given to the unpretending words of a simple song, the power to awaken sympathetic feelings in the hearts of thousands of our own kith and kin who are compelled to dwell far from the land of their birth.

There is something holy in this love of home; something noble, purifying, and elevating in its nature; and the soul must be indeed degraded which has ceased to experience the blessings of its influence. "Our Hearths and Homes" is a cry which has nerved the arm of many a sturdy English warrior; and to this day "Home, sweet Home" retains its position as the most popular of English ballads. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, in no country is the science of home-life less studied than in our own. We preach more than we dare to practise. Proud as we are of the institution of Home, we possess thousands of dwellings which are such only in name. In the low dark courts and lanes of our towns and cities, myriads of our toiling brethren are doomed to breathe the poison-air of the reeking sewers; to dwell amid polluting social influences which surround them; and to become the almost helpless victims of disease, poverty, and intemperance. No wonder that so many artisans are to be found in the ale-house. The tastes and aspirations of such men will always be influenced by surrounding associations, and the more debasing these may be, the more readily will their victims succumb to the temptations of drink, whose glittering temples display their dangerous attractions in almost every thoroughfare. If we would render our workers fond of their homes, we must help them to such as are something more than homes only in name.

The question of homes for our workers is a more important question

than many will admit it to be. Labour is the source of wealth. Everything which tends to deteriorate the one tends also to the injury of the other. If we desire to increase the national wealth, we must strive to improve the condition of the wealth producers. The former is to a great extent dependent upon the prosperity of the latter; and the more we add to their means of home comfort, the more we increase their capabilities of production. If we are content to allow so many of our industrious toilers to reside in dwellings scarcely fit for the use of pigs, we must prepare to pay the penalty of the same, in the shape of increased intemperance, pauperism, and crime; and it was the knowledge of this fact, which induced the trustees of Mr. Peabody's noble gift to the London poor, to express their intention of attempting to replace to a considerable extent, by the erection of a superior class of dwellings, the miserable habitations wherein so many of the poorer artisans of the metropolis are doomed to pass their comparatively short-lived existence. There can be no doubt that a very large proportion of the national Sabbath desecration is occasioned by the absence of anything like comfort or convenience in the homes of the large proportion of the industrial classes. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," says the old proverb; but it is evident that unless we furnish the means of cleanliness, it is in vain that the precepts of godliness are uttered. People who live in small rooms which serve at once for kitchen, living-room, and bed-room, soon find their moral sensibilities blunted, and insensibly acquire debased tastes and depraved appetites. To elevate their moral and social condition, we must place them amongst purer influences. The contaminating network of sensuality and intemperance which surrounds them must be destroyed, and replaced by incentives to well-doing.

The beer-house and the workman's home are antagonistic in their nature and cannot co-exist, but instead of availing ourselves of this fact, we totally ignore it. We fine the unlucky tradesman whose shop-front projects half an inch beyond its legal limit, but we allow unscrupulous speculators to erect, without hindrance, any number of pest-breeding hovels, from which emanate so much of that social demoralization which has awakened the heavy misgivings of the more thoughtful amongst us. We allow portions of our cities and towns to become so over-crowded that all order and decency are set at defiance; we permit "vested interests" to impede the adoption of sanitary improvements; and we are too apt to look with coolness on all schemes of social amelioration which do not yield the immediate prospect of philanthropic fame or the more valued "five per cent."

If we thought a little more of really substantial, instead of merely showy plans for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes, we might do much to strengthen and purify those holy and all-powerful home-influences which prove the best safeguards of a nation against the pernicious temptations which lead to the production of so much vice, poverty, and misery.

RULING THE PLANETS:

AN APRIL ESSAY ON CERTAIN ALL-FOOLS' OBSERVANCES IN THE YEAR 1863.

TOGETHER WITH SOME CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF THE PROPHET SMITH OF
CHELTENHAM, AND A MAD HATTER OF BIRMINGHAM.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE,

AUTHOR OF "GLENCREGGAN," "A TOUR IN TARTANLAND," ETC.

WHAT with spiritualism and its various exponents and votaries, whether rappers or writers, mediums or photographers—what with table-turners, clairvoyants, astrologers, horoscopists, genethliologists, predicators, and fortune-tellers, the observance of All-Fool's Day is, for the present, duly provided for; and the English *poissons d'Avril* will find that, whatever may be their social rank or position, special hooks will have been dexterously baited for them by the traders in the supernatural. The mistress can attend the *séance* of the popular medium in the drawing-room, the while her maid consults her own private fortune-teller in the back-kitchen. In either case, the practice of Fool-making is observed, and is found to be so attractive a performance that it runs through the year, from April to April, as though it were another *Lord Dundreary*, and with all the persistent popularity, though lacking the harmless fun, of that delicious imbecile.

One of the many variations of this favourite pastime of Fool-making through the medium of imaginary spiritualistic and supernatural agency, is known by the name of "Ruling the Planets," though sometimes called "Crossing the Planets," and "Reading the Stars." This amusement is chiefly found to be the recreation of servant-girls and others in a humble station of life, who have but little money, but less brains; and, although it differs slightly in details, according to the circumstances of the case and the ability of the chief player, yet the result is invariably the same—the extraction by an astute person, from the pocket of a credulous simpleton, of certain pieces of money, or other articles of value, such as tea-spoons, on which may often be seen the crest of a family of which neither of the players are members. This transfer of property is made in order that its receiver may feign to be enabled to disclose events which are as yet enshrouded in the mystery of the future. By this transfer the planets are said to be ruled or crossed, and the stars to be read, though it would be far better for the dupes if they were to read the *Star* newspaper, and

there, under the head of "Police Intelligence," see to what results their little game may lead them. And, indeed, this peculiar reading of *the Stars* would be better also for the receivers of those valuables with which the ruling and crossing is to be effected; for so little are they able to rule the planets to their own advantage, and to draw aside the curtain of futurity, that they fail to foresee that common goal (perhaps goal would be the better spelling) to which their predatory habits usually lead them. So that this vulgar method of playing at ruling the planets, although an acroit method of Fool-making, frequently brings the chief players to grief.

The Gypsies, with their pretended hereditary skill in palmistry, are the great monopolists and purveyors of this pastime among the lower classes, and are, therefore, the chief sufferers to the popular thirst for vaticinal knowledge. But the respectable householder will often, in common with his domestic servants, feel a craving appetite for the marvellous, which can only be appeased by swallowing some of the preparations of the spiritualistic Soyers; and these professors of the art, more cunning than even the cunning Gypsies, can successfully cater for the house-tax and water-rate payers, under whose shop aprons and black satin waist-coats are hearts which throb at the least sound of the supernatural; and they can do this so as to evade the penalties of the law, and yet, at the same time, to enrich themselves at the expense of their dupes. And thus the celebration of All-Fools is maintained in our nation of shopkeepers.

The spirit-mediums are a flight above the pockets of sixpenny customers. Their marvellous floatings to the serene heights of the drawing-room ceiling can only be accomplished by the aid of bank-note wings, or a golden lift. But, as in this all-providing age, valentines are prepared to suit all purses, so in supernatural literature there are variations in price to suit all fools. And the method of publishing pseudo predictions in genuine almanacs, is, on the whole, the safest and most popular system of astrology, reaches the greatest number, and enables every one to rule and cross his own planet, and to read his Bright (as well as particular) *Star*. If we have the least inkling to listen to the *Vox Stellarum*, Old Moore will tell us everything for a penny, and we can thus keep our own astrologer at a ridiculously low charge. And although *Orion*, *Raphael*, and *Zadkiel* make greater pretensions, and appeal to a more respectable, if not more educated class, and, although they contradict each other, and give the lie to Old Moore in the bargain, yet have we the privilege of paying our money and taking our choice, and choosing our own seer and magic leaf. The half-crown that might dance in the poor man's pocket without hurting its shins, would be readily bestowed by many a British tradesman for his annual subscription to prophetic literature, coming (I had almost written Cumming) to him under the well-known *imprimatur* of *Orion*, *Zadkiel*, or *Raphael*, but the poor man must content himself with his penny's-worth of predictions in the shape of Old Moore, and he certainly gets quite enough for his money. The blind faith reposed in Old Moore by

the humbler class of an agricultural community is one of those things that might be included in the Dundreary catalogue as being that which "no fellah can understand." The old cottager points to the pelting shower, and says, "I know'd it 'ud be so! 'twere in th' almanac." In fact, Old Moore had said with a vague laxness, "Rain may be expected on, or about, the 7th, 11th, 16th," etc., and had so cleverly distributed his charge, that one or two of the "shots" (or guesses) could scarcely fail to take effect. And even when, in a season of drought, his penny astrologer has predicted "continued rain," or, as in the past spring-like winter, has incautiously set down "snow," or "sleet," against one-third of those months which are usually under the sway of King Frost, still, the faith of Corydon is not shaken. He calmly says, "Th' almanac's out this time!" but believes in it all the same, and continues to swear by its predictions, however much they may be falsified by the events.

And yet, the cottager and labourer is not left alone in his belief in the "Weather Prophets;" his master, also, is as much inclined to put faith in their predictions. And it is probably for this reason, that some of the foremost newspapers that represent the agricultural interest, are, in a manner, compelled to condescend to the infirmities of their patrons, and to publish prognostications on the weather, written in that unintelligible jargon which is the accepted method for imparting this class of "intelligence" to their non-intelligent readers. Thus, in the *Mark Lane Express* for the first week of this present April, 1863, a self-inflated prophet (Mr. H. White) delivers himself of the following windy prediction:

"Great alterations take place in the electric affinity of any place, owing to previous saturation of moisture, or electricity from the fall of a great storm. Hence all that the meteorologist can do is to point out the great periods of change from warm to cold, wet to dry, etc., and *vice versa*, and the probable change or break up of the existing condition of the atmosphere, and thus rendering warnings of the instruments with great accuracy. Take a case in point—the present time. The weather was splendid up to the 24th instant; on the 25th, under the influence of Neptune, Mars suffered a loss of his sustaining heat, and consequently influence. Latent moisture became visible in remarkable fog, instead of developing itself in rain, hail or thunder, from previous great heat and evaporation; but the close influence of Mars (being only 4° of longitude) exerts its absorbing power, and holds up the moisture. But on arriving at the transition point on the 31st instant, the effects of Herschel on the 7th of April will probably cause a downfall: Herschel being antagonistic to Mars will probably succeed in turning the balance from dry to wet."

The foregoing, however, is partly of a retrospective character; and, for confidence in tone, is greatly surpassed by the weather predictions of a Mr. Du Boulay, who in a recent publication,* gives its subscribers more for their money in the way of prophecy, than Mr. H. White ventures to do. Mr. Du Boulay, is equivoctially assured that, in this year 1863, we shall have a May, June, July, August, and September, during which "neither heat nor cold, drought nor moisture, will any-

* "The Summer of 1863, founded on the Vernal Equinox, with Observations on the Summers of England, coupled with Remarks on the Locality and Meteorology of Great Britain." London, April 1863.

where so predominate as to interfere with a great and final result on the crops."—"The produce of wheat may be superlative in quantity and quality."—"Spring crops also, including barley, oats, beans, peas, and potatoes, may all be thoroughly good. Mangel-wurzels when once up, so far as weather is concerned, should be enormous." Nor does Mr. Du Boulay see "why the early crop of hay should not be good, though it is quite possible that the latter pastures may be rather bare from dryness and heat; and that turnips in England in the months of August and September may be inclined to mildew from the same cause. The crops in England, Scotland, and Ireland are likely to be housed in the best condition before the arrival of the autumnal rains."—"The only influence," known to Mr. Du Boulay, "that might disturb these views of the probable summer is that of the larger comets, should any of them arrive." His observations "apply to all three countries—England, Scotland, and Ireland—for, speaking generally, the equinoctial week has been uniform over all." The *Agricultural Gazette* quaintly remarks that it knows nothing about all this, and is very certain that Mr. Boulay knows just as much, and no more.

All the almanacs that superadd weather predictions and astrological speculations to their useful information, have a sale that is appalling from its enormity, and from the light that it throws on the widespread observance of the festival of All-Fools. On the principle that many men admire most that which is beyond their comprehension, the attractions of these annual works are considerably enhanced by the addition of mysterious diagrams, in which the signs of the zodiac appear to have trespassed into some problems of Euclid in a way that would puzzle even Bishop Colenso, whose rule over figures and Natal might possibly better qualify him to edit these harmless figures of natal horoscopes, than the harmful work in which he has arithmetically endeavoured to reduce the Pentateuch to vulgar fractions, and Moses to the level of Colenso and Cocker. And if, to such almanacs a "hieroglyphic" can be added, more especially as a folding-plate, and coloured, its crowning attraction is gained. The hapless Pope will, of course, come in for his due share of hieroglyphical ill-treatment, for vaticinations on the Vatican are always prepared for Protestant recipients. Then there will be battles, and conflagrations, and earthquakes, and a coffin on which is a coronet, which can afterwards be accepted as a prediction of the death of any titled person from royalty down to the lowest grade in the Peerage; and there will be a general confusion and medley, which may mean everything, anything, or nothing. Zadkiel's Almanac deals with this sort of thing, and has a farrago of letterpress to match, and its annual sale is stated to be 70,000. We have not the means of knowing, or, for the matter of that, the slightest desire to know whether this statement is a fact or an advertising fiction, but we make its publishers a present of the puff. Yet, if it should be true, think what a book it is to be studied on All-Fools' Day? It is usually calculated that each single

copy of a published work has five readers, and this, according to Celenso and Cocker, would give 350,000 persons who would peruse (and, more or less, pin their faith to) the fine phrenzied prophecies of that retired naval captain who is supposed to shroud his identity under the mystic name of Zadkiel. What must have been their feelings on the last April Fool's-Day when they read in their favourite nineteenth century prophet that the Prince of Wales' marriage had been postponed? Perhaps they would endeavour to gloss over the erroneous prediction by the allegation that it might have come true if the illness of Prince Alfred had not happily taken a favourable turn. But they had better blot out of the book that luckless "prophecy," that, in August 1863, an attempt will be made to deprive King Otho, King of Greece, of his crown. Even while the book was newly placed in their hands, the prediction had been too prematurely fulfilled, for, alas, the exigencies of his work, and of being early in the prophetic market, had compelled that retired naval captain to go to press with his *Zadkiel* so early in the winter, that he could not wait for Athenian intelligence, and for the ex-king's rapid retirement from his Grecian statues and statutes to the art galleries of Munich. But, if *Zadkiel's* readers persist in believing in him, after they have detected the egregious ass beneath the lion's skin, surely they must be set down as All Fools.

It is not to be wondered that these successful charlatans should not lack imitators and rivals, and, lying upon the table before me, are two remarkable specimens of provincial prophecyings, duly printed and published, though probably but little known; and as they are works from which, contrary to their authors' intentions, we may derive no instruction, but considerable amusement, they may briefly be mentioned here, to help us, in this April Essay, to "a little pleasant fooling." They go far to prove that the art of ruling the planets has its professors in the country as well as in town, and that the metropolis does not enjoy the monopoly of bringing to the surface of literary life those *poisons d'Avril* who prey upon simple soles and gudgeons. It is evident that these queer fish frequent other seas than the See of London.

Here is an example captured at Cheltenham. It purports to be "The Nativity of the Queen," for every year from 1848 to 1863: it bears the imprint of the Cheltenham press, from which it was issued in 1848; and it is, perhaps, even now a scarce work,—if not valuable; although I certainly found it to be the latter; as, for a battered copy, I was obliged to give more than four times its original cost. Instead of having a *Zadkiel*, a *Raphael*, or an *Orion* for its author, it bears the less mystic name of *Smith*; who talks pompously as to "Astral Science" and his "philosophic veneration for the demonstrative influence of nature's unerring laws," and of the "planetary directions that influence the destiny of human existence." He takes "Her Majesty's Horoscope" under his especial care, although on this point he gives advice *gratis*; yet, with a shrewd eye to business, he also gives his sliding-scale of charges, for the

use of those of Her Majesty's liege subjects who may wish to consult him on any single event, or to compound with him, by the year, for their tables of nativity and annual Horoscopes. But, it is added, that "Personal interviews not being requisite, such will not, on any account, be granted;" so that we may conclude, from the wisdom of this decision, that Smith is not altogether such a fool as he seems to be, but only stoops to the weakness of All Fools. He takes care to tell us that his Astrological shop was an old-established concern, and had done a very good stroke of business; and he proudly points to his superior-flavoured predictions having been found to be the genuine article. In particular, he prides himself on having predicted the birth of the Princess Royal, and of "a kingdom's congratulations signally conveyed to the foot of the throne in consequence of that joyous event;" although the words of his "prophecy" were these: "The sun directed to the sextile of Venus operating 21 years and 7 months, conceiving the Queen's marriage to concur with the direction previously noticed, there is a probability of *an heir to the crown of England*, and much public rejoicing on the occasion." This is a very safe form of prognostication: Given a marriage at a certain date, and there is a "probability," within a twelvemonth, of a son and heir. Though if, after all, Dombey and Son should prove to be a daughter, the difference is so slight and unimportant, that the star-gazer may well afford to overlook it.

Again, the Prophet Smith, doubtless writing on appropriate Foolscap, pens this sentence: "A change is now fast approaching; the Moon aspects Jupiter discordantly, a direction that promotes Government troubles, perplexity in respect of the Ministry, the Laws, or Church affairs, defective friendship, and many annoyances." Placing himself on "the proud pinnacle of Astral prediction"—by which we must surely understand him to mean the height of impudence—the Prophet Smith tells us to "mark the result" of the foregoing words: "In the summer of 1841, Her Majesty's Ministers resigned, and the Peel administration commenced—events moving side by side with the prediction." He so plumes himself on this "truthful result, establishing the verity and correctness of the system and the sublime theory upon which its conclusions are based," that he is good enough to cast his prophetic eye over the long period from 1848 to 1863, and to try his hand at the Ministry in various ways. He usually confines himself to a misty vagueness of expression, or to such a safe assertion as "affairs in Ireland are unpropitious;" but, occasionally, he ventures on something more definite—as in his prediction for the year 1850.

"So fleeting and unsettled, are national, as well as individual prospects, that no serenity, joy of mind, or any of the gratifications endearing to man's existence, but must bow in humble acquiescence to the laws of change, wisely intended to carry us onward to a higher point of improvement, derivable from a just and humiliating knowledge of the finite extent or limitation of human powers, for thus does every essential change inculcate a moral lesson to mankind.

"The principal influence operating in the summer of 1850, or near then, will be

the resignation of her Majesty's Government, and the consequent embarrassment attending the councils of the Queen and her Ministry—either *that*, or a domestic affliction, affecting the kindred ties of the Royal Family, with national trials; in addition to which there is reason to apprehend a serious epidemic, or scourge of some virulence, both in 1850, and 1851, arising from certain meteoric phenomena affecting the atmosphere, occasioning much mortality. An 'annual calculation' of this year will be very interesting, explanatory of every change, political or otherwise."

Unfortunately for the prophet Smith, the Whigs retained office longer than he had anticipated; and it was not until the close of 1851, that circumstances over which he had no control (including the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and Lord Palmerston) compelled Lord John to resign. With her Majesty's "Horoscope," up to the present year, the prophet Smith makes very free—more free, indeed, than welcome; and, therefore, as we do not care to see the Royal Planet ruled by a common fortune teller, we leave Mr. Smith and his predictions in their original obscurity.

But here is another curiosity of provincial literature far more amusing than the preceding, and well calculated for reading on All Fools' Day. It was printed at Birmingham, "for the author," in 1855, and is entitled "A new System of Astronomy, by R. Gardner, Cap-maker and Hatter." The madness which is proverbially ascribed to hatters, must certainly have found its exemplar in the author of this curious production, which not only treats of Ruling the Planets, but *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. He claims to have preceded Sir John Ross by eight years in certain discoveries touching the cause of the Aurora Borealis; and he has ascertained that "our earth does *not* go round the sun, but it has an horizontal yearly motion of a few degrees, which causes winter, spring, summer, and autumn; and the birds prove that, as some go round with each quarter." Of course he quarrels with Newton, Galileo, and a few other well-meaning but mistaken men; and boldly says:

"No one but R. GARDNER has found out the right way of the World. The diameter of the yearly course is but 47 degrees; causes wet, dry, and other seasons, trade winds, whirlwinds and waterspouts, tides and springs, by daily motion. The Pleiades are going to the East after loosing the bands of Orion, according to Scripture. Two Lord Bishops, Mayor, and Gentry of Worcester had my books in 1824, now published, price 6d."

His orthography and diction are in keeping with the originality of his discoveries. Here are a few choice specimens:

"Copercanias said the sun is the centre of the universe. I say it is only the centre of our system. The universe as no centre or ends or sides, fixed stars seems to go in an orizontal course to the west, to the north next, then to the east and south."

"Nabula is all stars and sun, only at a greater distance, firmament is meaning a great distance in the heavens, tails of comets is only reflections, so is saturns ring, all fixed stars appear to be in the same place once a year, it is our worlds yearly motion that alters the appearance, there is something whimsical in saying that saturn was first of another planet, and that meteor are stones from the moon, meteors are made of something that rises from our earth, but nothing can pass from our body to another."

Elsewhere he spells the word *Saturn* by another method:

"Satin's ring must be a reflection like the tail of a comet."

It is due to this astronomical hatter, to allow him to speak for himself at somewhat greater length; and his satisfactory conviction that "all the philosophers" would "be recorded a set a fools," may be appropriately quoted in this April Essay on All-Fools' observance.

"The writer of this book had very little scholarship, not above three weeks; the contents entire'y from his own thoughts of the right of things; it has been said that I shall not carry the points mentioned as long as I live, for all the philosophers will be sure to say against it, though they may think it right, for they will be recorded a set a fools as they did not find out the *Right Way of the World*, and principle causes of Tides and Springs; and how the Winds, Whirlwinds, and Water-spouts are made, which have been published seven times, and I have most of the editions by me at this time. If the moon was the principale cause of tide, as some say, why don't it cause a tide at the Equinoctial Line, as it passes there once a day, and the tide comes twice a day here as the planet turns up, and the moon only once; the moon may have something to do with it, but our earth turning is the principle cause. There is parts of the universe at so great a distance that our sun could not be seen there. The farthest part of the universe is not to be seen at all, for there is no end; or the farthest star, for if it were possible to go to the farthest little star that you can see, you would see as many beyond there, as space is boundless, and stars and sun are unnumbered. There are many proofs of our world having an horizontal yearly movement; as the spring slips, so does the cuckoo—the summer shifts, so does the martins and swallows—the autumn goes, so does the pewite—the winter goes farther north, so does the woodcock.

"Another proof is, there are little stars peeping from behind the sun in one season of the year, which cannot be seen at another season; in the spring they peep from the sun's right side, which cannot be seen in autumn; and in summer they peep under the bottom of the sun, which cannot be in winter; and in autumn some stars peep from behind the sun's left side, which cannot be seen in spring; and in winter some are peeping over the top of the sun, which cannot be seen in summer."

We must also afford space for one specimen from his published "Poems," which are equally as original as his prose writings:

<p>"Egyptian said the sun had twice Shifted his setting and his rise; But, I say its no such thing, There's nothing like any shifting, The sun is always in his place, It is our world that runs the race, Caused by the sun a whirling, Making every planet twirling. Every fixed star is a sun, And mighty planets round them run, Some a million miles apart, All understand the ruling art.</p>	<p>Same as a little petty state Pays tribute to the mighty great; And like the constable and police, Obey the justice of the peace; Same as the rector, vicars, priest, Others bishops and deans at least Not satisfied with one great living, While million people are a grieving. The farmers are in the same plan, Have four or five great farms a man; The tradesman, also, in that way, Must have three shops to make it pay.'</p>
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His talent for paraphrasing is shown in the following passage, and proves that, in this respect at least, he may lay claim to have anticipated the discoveries of the reverend gentleman who has so recently proclaimed this art to be an indispensable branch of Hunterian Education:

"Dark clouds hang o'er the gorgeous palaces
The solemn temples, the great nation itself,

Yea, the poor inherit great unions,
Like the ghostly fabric of a vision,
And leave's the wreck behind.
Lo the troubled convulsions of nature
Heaves up a mountain to gaze at,
Stands as a monument where a plain was,
Where the alps and noble andes stand,
May once have been a woodland plain
Or the bottom of some deep sea,
Or may become a lake or deep river,
Just as renovation takes place,
In the course of everlasting time
All perish, and is made anew
By the everlasting ruling power
Which makes great lakes and changes rivers course
By turning over the mountains into the
Deep liquid bowels of the earth."

In the opening of his *Astronomical work*, this remarkable hatter says: "R. G. has published five Plays, viz, *Edrick*, *Bonaparte*, *Geneva*, *William the Conqueror*, the *Grand Turk*; and has fifteen more ready to print." One of those fifteen was soon after printed (for the use of *Butterman and Company*) and has fallen into our hands. A brief notice of its "excellent fooling" may appropriately conclude this paper, and prove its author, the cap-maker, to be a formidable claimant for the cap and bells.

His dramatic production is entitled "*Dudley Castle, an Historical Tragedy, in five Acts*. By *Richard Gardner, cap-maker, Lease Lane, Birmingham*." In his preface he makes the following apology and explanation:—

"The principal fault in this play is, a long time crowded in a short space, and I borrow some, like all poets do. Shakespeare borrowed from the Roman and Grecian poets and historians, and British History; and the old books of *Dorrisini* and *Fornia*: *King Lear* was borrowed from an old story of *King Llyr*, who reigned in England 1500 years after the flood: according to *Chamber's Journal*, *Tenbury* was the chief city of *King Llyr*; and he, Shakespeare, returned to his native town to end his days, unconscious of having done anything very great. *Galelio*, for finding out one true point, was put in prison. I have found out 17 points that philosophers will say against, though they may think it right—because they did not find it out themselves; has not fanaticism kept nations in the dark, and bigots crept about? But I have found out the right way of the world."

The time that he has crowded in a short space, is not more than ten centuries; but, these hundreds of years would be condensed for this purpose as easily as he has annihilated the four centuries between *Boadicea* and *Vortigern*, in the following passage from the opening of his *Tragedy*. Added to which *Dodo*, or *Dudo*, the Saxon chief who founded *Dudley castle*, lived three centuries after *Vortigern*; so that seven hundred years are here brought before us at one fell swoop.

ACT I. SCENE 1ST.

[Enter *Dodo, King of Mercia, Herbert, etc.*]

Dodo. See the extensive view; behold my noble forests of *Arden*, *Radnor*,

Kinver, and Bewdley. See from this spot a great kingdom ! Here I mean to dig vast quarries round this pleasant plain, melt some of the stones to mortar, to build the out-works, then rear up a vast pile for future generations to gaze upon, which will immortalise my name, and make my kingdom complete—then this will be the Castle of the Woods. Oh ! here comes the King and Queen of England—who wish to be. [*Aside*] Now, if I can get rid of him, I shall have a Queen and another seventh kingdom, or more, and will be getting on two steps in the right way of royalty.

[*Enter Vertigern and Rowana.*]

Ver.—Good morning to Dodo, greatest King.

Row.—Good morning, sire ; how are you ?

Dodo.—Welcome my noble King and Queen of one of the English thrones. I pray be seated—you must be tired. [*Shakes hands.*]

Ver.—Have you heard of that diabolical affair between our sister, the Queen Boadica, and the Romans ? Oh ! they have used her shamefully. She was defeated yesterday. They whipped her after she was taken prisoner, her whole army was put to the sword, and she poisoned herself.

Dodo.—No. But I will tell you how to act, and try for revenge.

Queen.—She was a good creature. 'Tis great pity, and we were obliged to come here for safety.

Dodo.—What a shame ! But I will send some of my best troops and best generals with you to give the Romans a dressing.

[*Sends off troops under Vertigern's command, a great battle took place near Woodbury Hill, when Vertigern and his soldiers were nearly all killed.*]

This short scene, which throws such a new light on the sayings and doings of royalty at that early period, comprises the whole of Act the First. The Second Act opens with a scene at Dudley Castle where Dodo takes unfair advantage of Vertigern's absence to make love to Rowana, whose language is unfettered by the ordinary rules of grammar.

Dodo.—Now they are gone to the wars. 'Tis 10 to 1 but they will be killed, and I must protect your Majesty.

Queen.—Oh, heavens ! I am betrayed ! Oh ! my poor husband ! Has he fell, too ?

Dodo.—My angel ! make yourself easy, for I am afraid it is too true.

Dodo's wooing progresses admirably ; he only waits to hear the result of the battle, and asks the lady for "a few of her pretty verses to amuse us till the news comes," when, enter a messenger, who says that Vertigern and his 20,000 men are dead. Whereupon says Dodo, "Send out all my soldiers, and make a short war of it." The dramatist then adds, "Soldiers are marched off, and great fighting seems to have taken place." Which abruptly ends Act 2. The third Act opens with two scenes delineated with such clearness and brevity, that we quote them in full.

SCENE 1ST.

Dodo marries this Queen.

SCENE AT DUDLEY.

Dodo's death and funeral.

We recommend this concise method of composing historical tragedies to the notice of those dramatic writers who are anxious to get over a good deal of ground in a little compass. Our astronomical and literary cap-

maker and hatter, having thus finished off Dodo and Vertigern, abruptly takes us to another era and a new class of characters. De Birmingham comes to Dudley Castle, to pay suit and service to Fitz Auscult; and the following dialogue occurs:—

Fitz.—Let me see. Thirteen marks for Birmingham. Come, sit by me, and I will tell you a bit about it. My heir, Ralph Pagnell, will fetch you up a bit. What! Three homage days are paid, and six behind! 'Tis too bad!

Bir.—Birmingham is at present only a village, in a wood by the Rea side, in the Forest of Arden—but capable of great improvement.

Fitz.—Then I will give you a field of coal and ironstone at Wednesbury, with which you can make all sorts of iron tools for all the world, and you shall have wood for handles, out of my woods and forests—so go to work at Birmingham as manufacturers.

These two gentlemen must have ruled the planets to some purpose, thus to obtain prognostications of such real and marketable value. We are not, however, permitted to learn the result of this rise of the Birmingham manufacturers; for, we are then hurried on to Henry the Third and Sir Roger de Somery, who are immediately succeeded by the Parliamentary army “at Cawney Hill,” where Danby and Mitton thus declaim:—

Danby—The King's forces are fighting at Worcester. The messenger only escaped to tell the tale. My boys, let us show what we are made of. The Parliament expects every man to do his duty! Every one is on our side.

Mitton.—Soldiers! Cut away! We shall be victorious!

The soldiers cut away with such effect, that they are all cut to pieces; a convenient method for bringing upon the stage an entirely new set of characters. These are “Coiners at work;” and the scene, though short, is a “sensation” one.

First Coiner.—Well, our store is great, shall we make enough to buy the Castle?

Second Coiner.—But we must find a passage to the Priory, for fear of being found out.

[Enter Ghost.

Ghost.—You are found out, and by the Holy St. James you will be out in a few minutes. Fly for your lives, and bestow your time better, or you will go to judgment immediately.

[A dread storm arises, with thunder and lightning; the thunderbolt sets the Castle on fire; one great table seventeen yards long and one broad was destroyed. It originally measured twenty-five yards. The part cut off made a table for Mr. Corbin's Hall, a neighbouring gentleman. The tree grew in Dudley New Park, and contained upwards of 100 ton of timber.]

Perhaps one of the Coiners escaped the above catastrophe; for, in the next brief scene, we are introduced to “A Coiner and Nun a fishing, a Monk comes to them.” As this scene gives a remarkable idea of monastic life, we quote it.

Monk.—You coiners play many pretty pranks. Could you not fish without a nun? Oh! for shame upon you; I would not be in your place for the wealth of the Priory. Indeed the credit of our house is at stake.

[Exit Nun.

Coiner.—I beg pardon. Come walk in the Park and I will explain. My intentions were honourable, I only intended to amuse the poor creature, and draw her

attention from that melancholy thought which seems to hang on her dejected countenance.

Monk.— . . . One more moment may raise the Ghost of St. James to stop your diabolical purpose.

But the Ghost is reserved for the next, and last scene, "The Priory Hall;" which "sensational scene" being still shorter than the last, we may also quote *verbatim*.

[At supper—the Ghost appears.]

Ghost.—Behold! Monks and coiners if you were to injure one of them nuns, you would be instantly in eternity! Here you are! revelling in such luxury, which is an abomination to the Lord of all, and I am the messenger of the Lord to put an end to this gulf of iniquity. Before twelve o'clock this night these walls will shake to pieces at the foundation, and the whole of these magnificent buildings will in a few moments be a heap of ruins. Mark! Oh heavens! The destruction is begun.

[Exit Ghost.]

[The walls fell one after the other, and all was destruction by an earthquake.]

The wholesale catastrophes in this "Historical Tragedy" far outdo the celebrated slaughter scene in *Hamlet*. They remind us rather of that excellent method adopted by the dramatist who knew not how to get rid of his characters, and therefore ended the play with this stage direction: "Enter a lion who devours them all." Or, of that other tragedy, wherein all the *dramatis personæ* having been slain at the end of the Fourth Act, and a Fifth being considered indispensable, the author directed that it should be carried out by the executors. Or, once more, of that Model Tragedy of the late Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, wherein the rival heroes are thus disposed of. "Scene, a Heath of unlimited credit. Morning breaks in several pieces. Thunder and lightning. Alarums go off and are not further inquired for. Enter Truculento and Sanguino. They fight until both are cut into mincemeat. Enter Ghost: 'Now, I am revenged.' Blue fire and red lights. Curtain descends." Which is really not a whit more absurd than the composition of the astronomical cap-maker, whom we will now leave to wear his Cap-and-bells and to Rule the Planets in company with Zadkiel, Raphael, Orion, Old Moore, and All-Fools, who wickedly pretend to read the secrets of Futurity, and who sinfully ignore that saying: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."

QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES.

EDITED BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Continued from Vol. II. p. 560.

CHAPTER V.

A HELPING HAND.

MEANWHILE the subject of their conversation was pondering in her mind whether she had done right or wrong in accepting Madame de Fleurier's invitation to come over again very soon, in order to take some of the views which had been so much admired. It would not have been easy to refuse, for she had been asked with real kindness, and every sort of convenience offered to her—the Baroness only insisting on seeing the contents of her portfolio as a reward. On the whole, Agatha thought she had done the best thing under the circumstances, in accepting the invitation; for her young sisters had been so warmly pressed by Josephine to come and amuse themselves with her, and their mother had caught so eagerly at the intimacy, that it was vain to think of avoiding it; and it certainly seemed better that she should be with Clara and Emily, than that they should be thrown among Roman Catholics without her. Yet still Agatha's heart was troubled. She feared her motives might not be quite pure—that the pleasure to herself mingled in her wish to go to the chateau. It could hardly indeed be otherwise; but she prayed earnestly to be guided aright from day to day, and, if it were her Heavenly Father's will, to be granted the comfort of some Christian consolation and aid; for she felt daily more and more the lonely position in which she stood. Her mother's religion, always second to her worldly interests, now seemed turning to a sentimental admiration of the Roman Catholic ceremonies and so-called piety, which made Agatha tremble both for her and for the children. Their little Sunday service, though Mrs. Courtney did not like absolutely to give it up, had sunk into a mere form: at least it was only Agatha and Clara who considered it as other than an irksome duty.

"Oh, how I do wish there were a *really* Christian church here!" exclaimed Agatha one day, about a week after their visit to the chateau, as she and Clara were taking a long walk together, very early in the morning before Mrs. Courtney was out of bed.

"A Christian church! Do you not think the Roman Catholic churches Christian, then, Agatha?" said her sister.

"No, really, Clara! I don't mean to be uncharitable, but only remember the chapel at St. André: it is full of shrines to saints and virgins—only a small part of the worship is devoted to God, and that part so defiled with superstition and corruptions that the Almighty is

dishonoured in the observance of them. Do you remember, Clara, what the prophet Isaiah says of the Jews, when they had mingled idolatry and sin with the pure religion of their fathers? 'Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth, they are a trouble unto me, I am weary to bear them.'

"I wish mamma did not admire their ways so much," said Clara; "do you know when we were last at the chateau, she and Madame de Fleurier settled to visit the convent next Wednesday?"

"Well," said Agatha, "it is a natural curiosity to wish to see a convent; I went to visit one in Paris with one of our friends, during the week we spent there last winter, but it did not make a Roman Catholic of me: quite the contrary."

"It is different with you and mamma," observed Clara, "she is so fond of all their ceremonies, and seems to think them so very religious; now you tell me it is chiefly outward show!"

"And so it is, dearest!" cried Agatha; "oh may we both be kept from falling into this or any other spiritual snare!"

"You need not fear for me, Agatha, I shall not be caught by their flatteries while I have you."

"Ah, you must lean on a stronger arm than mine," said her sister, involuntarily squeezing the hand she held; and she raised her heart in supplication that a better protector than her weak self, might watch over her young sister.

"Look there, Agatha!" exclaimed Clara, presently, "do you see that pretty little church, without a cross on it. Can it be a Protestant one?"

Agatha looked up, and perceived at the foot of a steep hill, a pretty village with a small white church at one end: owing to the winding of their path, and the rocks that had intercepted the view, it was not until quite close, that a sudden turn had allowed them to see it.

A shepherd lad passing at this moment, paused to look at the rare sight of strange ladies in his secluded valley. As he leaned on his crook and gazed at them, the thought occurred to Agatha to ask him some questions. She had learned enough of the Provençal dialect from Jeannette to be able to say a few sentences on ordinary subjects, and comprehend the answers to them; but the shepherd-boy, surprised and pleased at hearing a lady address him in his own tongue, poured out such a flood of replies that she was soon at fault; on seeing which, he said in very good French, that he had been at school and knew how to read—that this hamlet was called Valency, and was chiefly inhabited by Protestants; and that of late years, some persons of the neighbouring villages had sent their children across the mountains to the pastor's school.

"Oh Heaven be praised!" cried Agatha, "it is then as I hoped, and we have found a Christian place of worship at last!" She thanked the shepherd for his information, and they proceeded to the village where they resolved to ask leave to rest at some cottage before turning homewards; accordingly they paused before one at whose door a neat looking

woman was standing with a child in her arms. She bade them welcome, in a friendly cheerful voice, but before they could enter her door, a gentleman, who was passing by, called to her, and she instantly turned round, with an apology to the visitors, and went to meet him.

"I am sure it is the Pastor the boy was speaking of," whispered Agatha to her sister, and as she spake the stranger approached, and the woman confirmed her conjecture by saying, "It is Monsieur le Pasteur Marcel, ladies."

The minister of Valençy was a man about fifty years of age, of mild unpretending manners, and a countenance at once highly intellectual and benevolent; he had had for twenty years the spiritual charge of this retired spot, and was permitted to reap some precious fruit from his faithful labours in the cause of his Divine Master. There were now some true Christians at Valençy, where before his arrival there had been but a handful of cold and nominal Protestants.

"You have walked all the way from St. André, mademoiselle," said he, "so Nanette tells me; if so you must surely be tired?"

"We were about to rest in the cottage of this good woman," said Agatha smiling.

"And I hardly like to rob her of her guests," said M. Marcel, "but I think as pastor of the village, I have the first claim on strangers; let me then beg you to come with me—my house is close by, and my wife was just preparing breakfast,—a cup of coffee would refresh you after your walk."

The girls looked at each other, divided between the fear of their mother's being uneasy at a prolonged absence, and the wish of accepting so friendly an invitation; M. Marcel guessed their objection, however, and kindly removed it by telling them that his son was just going to walk to St. André on an errand, and would leave a message for them. This being settled they were conducted to the Pastor's humble but cheerful looking residence, and introduced to his wife, a pleasing woman, a good deal younger than himself, and a group of children who were assembled in the garden round a small table, where coffee, milk, and bread were spread for breakfast. Madame Marcel received her unexpected visitors with unembarrassed cordiality, and made them sit down while she sent one of her little girls for some fruit to add to the simple meal. It was not long before Agatha felt quite at her ease, and disposed to confide in the new friends thus sent to her in the time of need. A few questions as to how they liked St. André, and so forth, on the part of their entertainers, served to draw from Agatha some account of their isolated condition, as regarded social worship, or Christian communion, and the good Pastor was evidently more struck with the danger of the young people's position than she herself had been. He suspected the mother to be weak or worldly and in that case he knew better than Agatha, what dangers surrounded them.

"Your's is indeed a position of great difficulty," said M. Marcel, "and one I can well appreciate; I know something of the family at Des Roches.

and have little doubt they intend to try and bring over some, if not all of you to their church, and it behoves you to stand on your guard, and not trust in your own strength."

"But surely," cried Agatha, "you would not have me attribute all Madame de Fleurier's kindness to these secret motives?"

"No, mademoiselle, it would be most uncharitable to do so; I believe her to be a truly amiable and good natured woman, and one who would show civility to strangers under any circumstances. But she is a bigoted Romanist, and much under the influence of her cousin the Abbé who has already had but too much success among foreigners."

"How!—do you then know of any one perverted through him?" said Agatha.

"An English family, long resident at Avignon (where he formerly resided), glory in attributing their adoption into the Romish Church to his efforts; and I know (through a brother pastor) of some young German girls who are now in a convent at Paris, through the same instrumentality."

"Oh, my poor sisters! What will become of them!" exclaimed Agatha, her eyes filling with tears. Then recollecting that she was unintentionally throwing aspersions on her mother, she stopped short.

"Well, my dear mademoiselle, you are at least forewarned of your danger; and what is far more, you appear to me to know where to look for support and aid in your trials."

"Indeed," said Agatha, "I do know my own utter insufficiency to take care of myself, much more of others; but I trust that He who stretched forth his hand to Peter when he was sinking, will not abandon me on account of my too often weak faith! I believe He has sent me help this very day, in conducting us here, for we stand much in need of counsel and sympathy."

Madame Marcel took her hand kindly as she spoke, and the elder children clustered round Clara with friendly looks and invitations to her to come "very often and see them."

"I hope we may be able to come to your church on Sunday," said Agatha. "It would be such a privilege to us to join once more in public worship."

"Yes, indeed," added Clara, "only think, Agatha! It is nearly five months since we have been at church."

"Dear children!" said M. Marcel warmly, "I love to hear you speak thus. May the Lord who has guided you hitherto still watch over your steps! Yes, come if possible on Sunday and join in our prayers. After service you will spend an hour or two with us; you can talk over your difficulties and troubles, and we will read a little of the Holy Book together. It is thus that fellow-pilgrims should aid and cheer each other, you know. And do not fear lest your mother should be annoyed at your visiting strangers without her, for I will take care to call at your residence before Sunday, so that I shall be no stranger."

It was now time to be setting forth homewards, and with many expressions of kindness their new friends at length suffered them to depart. It was noon when they reached St. André, but as Mrs. Courtney had received the Pastor's message she was not uneasy at their long absence.

"Dearest mamma, I am so sorry you have had the trouble of making breakfast," cried Agatha, "and that we have left you so long too! But when we had got as far as Valency, I thought it better to rest thoroughly before we returned, especially as we were so kindly treated."

"Oh yes, mamma," interrupted Clara. "Do you know we have found a Protestant village, and there is a clergyman there—such a good, kind man, and his wife too seems a very nice person."

"I believe those French Protestants are usually rather a low set of people," said Mrs. Courtney.

"Indeed I don't think you would say so of M. Marcel," said Agatha; "but at all events it will be a great comfort to join once more in public worship, and Valency is not so very far as you might think: it was our losing our way that made us so late."

"Well, I suppose you can go if you like, my dear; but you know it is no more your own Church than the chapel of St. André."

"Surely, there is a much closer resemblance, mamma, for we shall hear the Gospel read and preached instead of a service conducted in Latin: and we shall join in praying to our Maker through His Son alone, instead of asking the intercession of saints and angels, or adoring the Virgin. Oh mamma, I wish you would come with us!"

"I could not walk such a distance, my love!" said Mrs. Courtney uneasily: "besides, Madame de Fleurier is going to take me a drive next Sunday."

Agatha was silent. She wondered whether she ought to put her mother on her guard, or whether it were already too late. While she was hesitating, however, Clara spared her the trouble of a decision.

"Mamma," she said, "do you know we must take care of our kind, polite old Abbé, for we find he is very clever at perverting people, especially foreigners!"

"Perverting! What do you mean, child?"

"Why, making them turn Papists," said Clara, looking wonderingly at Agatha.

"You should not use so harsh an expression, Clara," said her mother, "for if the Abbé has converted any persons to his church, it could only be with the purest intentions; of course he thinks his church the best."

"But people may conscientiously do a wrong thing," said Agatha.

"Really, Agatha, I have no head for controversy, as I am always telling you," said Mrs. Courtney impatiently, "and if your good M. Marcel can only teach you to be uncharitable and to think ill of my friends I shall not be inclined to cultivate his acquaintance. But I had rather speak of something else. The Baroness has been so kind about your pictures, Agatha. She wrote me a note this morning begging to

have your portfolio to-night, as she is to have a number of Parisian friends with her, and hopes to dispose of them at higher prices than the woman at the inn could possibly obtain for you. Unluckily there were some of the best in Madame Bertrand's hand, however; but I sent all I could find, and I expect you will get something handsome. Madame de Fleurier's delicate way of arranging it almost reconciled me to my child's gaining money by her pencil."

"I am sure she is very kind," said Agatha; "and we certainly need money sadly. I wonder we don't hear from Mortimer: he ought to call on your man of business and inquire why our remittances have not been sent since January. Now I must go and see about our dinner; I suppose if this state of things goes on long, I shall become a tolerable cook in the economical line."

It is well for Agatha that she had these domestic cares at present, for she had painful thoughts and fears, enough to make these necessary occupations quite a blessing. M. Marcel called on the next day, which was Saturday. Mrs. Courtney could not say he was otherwise than gentlemanly and pleasing, but the few remarks he dropped on the subject of religion could find no echo in her heart, and she was relieved when his short visit was over. He saw that in the present state of things, it was only to the young people that he had a chance of being useful, and he was thankful that their mother allowed the two elder ones to go to his church as they desired. (Emily was quite willing to stay with her mother.)

CHAPTER VI.

A TREACHEROUS CALM.

One day, not very long after the discovery of the Protestant church at Valency, Agatha was obliged to set out on an expedition into the town to procure various necessaries from the market of St. André. It was quite early in the day, but already the heat was oppressive, and she would not allow Clara to accompany her on that account, but left her to prepare the coffee for her mother, who was meanwhile sitting under the shady vine trellises with the Abbé. The Baroness had disposed of several of Agatha's drawings amongst her friends, so that a sum had been obtained sufficient to provide common comforts for a short time, and they still hoped every day that a letter from Mortimer must arrive and clear up the mystery of the delayed remittances. They were not therefore so much weighed down with poverty as during the eight previous months, and this being the cheapest season, and one in which very little either of candles or firing was required, Agatha had yielded to her mother's wishes and hired a woman twice a week to wash and assist in the coarser labours of the house. Still she had plenty to do; in the heat of summer—in a small lodging, she had to spend many an hour in household cares, when longing

to take her work or drawing into the shade of the harbour, and sit quiet all day; but the faith which was the Polar star of Agatha's life, guided her on in the weary routine of an existence uncheered by the confidence and sympathy which should ever exist between mother and daughter, and which would, she felt, have rendered all labours as light as a feather. But this blessing being denied, she strove to be cheerful—grateful she had ever been—for the many which remained, and for the new one recently granted in the privilege now weekly enjoyed, of attending a place of Christian worship with Clara, and of conversing afterwards with the Pastor of Valency and his family, whose merits had not, she found, been over-estimated on a first acquaintance. The great clock of St. Andrè struck ten before Agatha had made all her purchases,—and by this time her basket was so heavy, that the compassion of the good-humoured bustling market women was excited for the slender arm that was to carry it.

"It is really too much for you, mademoiselle," said one of them, whose nice little country cheese had been with difficulty squeezed among the other articles into the basket: "you ought to let your maid come to market with you."

"Just now I am without one," said Agatha simply.

"Dear me! such a delicate looking young lady too! I declare I must carry it up the street for you myself."

Agatha thanked the good-natured woman, but would not allow her to leave her stall, and said she should get home very well. When she had left the shelter of the narrow street, however, and reached the path, hot and dusty, and steep, which led to their residence, she began to feel exhausted, and sat down to rest before commencing the toilsome walk up the hill. A voice beside her, presently, roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen, as she sat on a projecting rock which overlooked the river, and raising her head, she perceived the Baron de Fleurier.

"What can tempt you to sit here, Mdlle. Agatha!" he exclaimed, "in the full blaze of such a sun as this? could you find no more shady spot for your meditations," he added smiling, as he placed himself beside her; "or were you taking a view in your sketch book? but the glare is too great for that."

"Oh I was only resting on my way from the town, where I have been doing some errands that could not be delayed till evening," said Agatha, rising to proceed on her walk, but she could not do so without the Baron's instantly perceiving the heavy basket. She blushed a little,—not that she was ashamed of their poverty, which she knew was well known to the De Fleurier family,—but that she expected he would offer to relieve her of her burden. "Indeed, Monsieur, I wish you would let me go on alone," said she, as he took her burden from her hand, "every one here is used to seeing me carrying parcels and baskets by this time, but they may think it odd to see *you* laden with three days' provision for a family!"

"Mdlle. Agatha," replied Raimond, "it would be my *duty* to assist any lady, whom I met thus overlaid, no matter who she might be,—to

assist you I need hardly say is a privilege!" Agatha turned away her head as he spoke, but she seemed to see his look notwithstanding.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then he said in his usual tone, "I was on my way to bring your mother what I imagine will not be unwelcome—namely, a letter!"

"A letter!" cried Agatha. "Ah, could it be from England?"

"Yes," said he, "the post was in earlier than usual to-day, and I happened to be at the office to inquire for my mother's letters, so I thought of asking if there were any for Mrs. Courtney, and the postmaster entrusted this to me." He gave her a letter as he spoke, which Agatha knew to be from her brother.

"Who knows but this may be my last day of drudgery!" said she, "we never can tell what is before us."

"Confess that you are dying with curiosity to break the seal," said Raimond.

"Why I shall learn all it can tell in a quarter of an hour at furthest, and even my female curiosity will hold out that time."

"At least you do not think it will bring news that will recall you to England?" said he anxiously.

"I do not suppose so, nothing can be more unlikely. I wish indeed—" She stopped abruptly.

"Not to leave France already I trust, Mdle. Agatha—or are you tired of Provence so soon, and of us?"

"I have met with too much kindness to leave St. André with indifference," said she; "it is a lovely spot and one in which the evils of poverty sit lighter than they would in the north,—but—there are reasons—my sisters,—I would rather have had them in England on some accounts; however, I assure you there is nothing more unlikely!"

"That is good news for our Provençal friends," said he. "I hope we may persuade you to naturalize yourselves in time; it is so rare to hear an English person speak French as you do, that I think we have really a claim upon you."

"Here we are at home," said Agatha, "I am quite ashamed that you have been carrying that heavy basket all this time, M. de Fleurier," she added, taking it from his hand, which seemed reluctant to give it up.

"It is a pretty looking burden," said he, lifting one end of the cover with a smile, "those fruits are fit for a picture, and that salad looks delicious,—prepared by *your* hands it would be excellent I am certain,—I confess I envy Mrs. Courtney her dinner to-day! But I declare I am keeping you standing in this broiling sun, instead of opening the door for you—I suppose I must say adieu,—and I hope I may add *au revoir*!"

Agatha walked slowly up-stairs, and by the time she reached their sitting room, had forgotten the important letter she was carrying. A quiet smile rested on her countenance as she entered and mechanically set her basket on the table; a sort of half consciousness of the favourable impression she had made on the young Baron began to dawn on her mind, and

it was impossible not to feel gratified by it ; had she indeed been aware how serious the regard had already become, in his ardent and affectionate disposition, she would have been startled—and the danger of the case, the evils threatening both parties, would have immediately struck her ; but her modest estimate of her own attractions, and perhaps a too great confidence in the impossibility of her ever becoming attached to a Roman Catholic put her off her guard, and led her to treat the whole thing very lightly. After a few moment's reflection, she even blamed herself for fancying that Raimond had any preference for her, and resolved to consider his manner only as the natural liveliness and gallantry of a descendant of the Troubadours ! Dismissing the subject therefore, with a little self-reproach for her vanity, she hastily produced the letter and sent Clara, who was writing at the window, to take it to her mother who was still in the garden.

Mrs. Courtney presently came in quite agitated with joy at its contents : "Oh Agatha, my dear child,—it is all right at last ! how happy I am, to be sure ; here ! read the letter." Agatha took it, but her mother related the news quicker than she could read them.

"It was certainly very inattentive of Mortimer not to leave his address in town when he went to Scotland ; it showed how little he cared for his sisters, I think. That was the mischief you see,—when poor Mr. Green, my man of business, died suddenly of course all his papers were left in sad confusion, and his nephew, the executor, could not find my direction here, and did not know where to send my remittance. And Mortimer, very selfishly I must say, thinking only of the Scottish heiress he was courting, goes off and gets married, makes a wedding tour in the Highlands and so forth, without leaving orders to have any of his letters forwarded ; so now, when he returns to London, he finds letters eight months old awaiting him, and I can't say he expresses much contrition for his neglect.

"Well, all is right at last," said Agatha, as soon as her mother ceased speaking, "and we have indeed reason to thank our Heavenly Father for bringing us through this short trial of poverty without the additional cares that might have made it so much heavier."

"Really, Agatha, I don't see how things could well have been worse ; but I am as thankful as you are that it is over ; you can step down to the inn this evening when it is cool, and ask about a servant ; you need not slave any more, poor child !"

"Oh, mamma," cried Emily, "may I not go to the chateau to tell Josephine our good news !"

"Not to-day, my dear, it is too hot ; to-morrow may be cooler ; but you may run and tell our good Abbé, if you want sympathy in our happiness."

When evening had begun to cool the air, Agatha set out on her errand about the servant, this time accompanied by Clara ; they passed the Abbé on his way to the chateau, whither Mrs. Courtney had been half inclined to accompany him, but had yielded to his advice not to fatigue herself while still agitated, but to rest in the garden, and divert her mind with a

very interesting little book which he had been "speaking of the day before." The fact was, the Abbè wanted a little private conversation with his cousin, and therefore preferred making his visit alone.

"I am very glad to see you," the Baroness exclaimed, as he entered: "it is three days since we have met, and I want to know when you mean to leave that dull little room of your's and come to the chateau."

"Whenever you please," said the Abbè, smiling: "I am at your service now; I have no longer any fear of Mrs. Courtney's remaining contented as she is; she will be constantly over here when I am settled with you, for she cannot now pass a day without conversing with me on religious topics, and I think she is rapidly becoming Catholic in heart."

"But, my dear Abbè we must make her avow her change—people must not be ashamed of the honour and blessedness of the only true Church!"

"In a little while there will be no difficulty," she replied: "but we must not hurry her; it is a very important step, and I think that it would be well if you took her to visit the sisters of St. Catherine tomorrow: you have long been meaning to do so, I know."

"I would have taken her there long since," said the Baroness, "but that I feared the appearance of austerity might shock her; you know how different people are! There is Agatha, for instance, if anything in our religion can attract her, it will be the austerities I think: for she despises that pomp and rich adornment so suitable to churches, and which her mother is especially delighted with; I fancy I shall catch her by the attraction of a life of charity, severity, and poverty, after all: it is a subject I have never tried with her."

"Try all means, dear cousin; but I fear Agatha is not to be easily won: however, a woman may succeed where a man fails, and she has distrusted me from the first."

"Ungrateful child! little knowing that you are the best friend her family ever had! but let us return to the mother."

"Yes, my influence is now far greater than her's with Mrs Courtney."

"I cannot wonder at that," said the Baroness: "I only wonder at your not exerting it further. You look surprised, my dear Abbè, but how can you suffer Mrs. Courtney to allow her daughters to attend the heretic minister's preaching at Valency? I should have fancied you might have induced her to make some pretext for keeping them away, if you did not like urging her to forbid it absolutely; for you know M. Marcel is a dangerous man: he has beguiled over several Catholics to his heretical church: how anxiously, therefore, will he watch over these girls, and prejudice them against us!"

"My dear cousin, it is necessary of two evils to choose the least: and my first object being to undermine Agatha's influence with her mother, it was particularly important to me to have her out of the way during the Sundays; Mrs. Courtney acted with far greater freedom when she knew her eldest daughter was sure not to come in suddenly and find her praying

before the crucifix I have given her, or reading one of our books. Emily, too, has been completely *ours*, as you know, ever since her sisters took to spending Sunday at Valençy."

"Yes, it is true that she never came to the chateau on Sundays, while Agatha was at home; but Clara, my dear Abbè?"

"She will be brought round I hope by and bye; one thing at a time, cousin; you women are so impatient!"

"I confess it," said the Baroness; "I am anxious to have this amiable family, safe in the bosom of the church; and Agatha herself I will not resign, if possible: a different style of argument would suit her from what one uses with the mother."

"As I said before, you can try," said the Abbè; "but don't take her to visit the convent with Mrs. Courtney; she might be favourably struck, indeed, but if not, she would do mischief, and I dread the risk, for I fear she is an obstinate heretic!"

"That sweet gentle girl obstinate!" said Madame de Fleurier—"Ah! you are too easily daunted."

"On the contrary, I am persevering to the extreme where I see a chance of success, but that girl has always her Bible in her hands, and I observe that such are very hard to bring over to the truth. I leave her to you, however, to do what you can," said the Abbè; and first, I have some news for you, which I came purposely to tell. Mrs. Courtney has received her long-delayed remittances, and will henceforward obtain her supplies without fail, I believe. I leave the uninteresting details to herself to relate; but I am clear that she could now be received without difficulty as a boarder at the convent, if she consents to the plan I have in view. I think you may suggest to her, that she ought not to neglect the advantages to her daughters of such accomplishments and careful attention to education, as they would obtain at St. Catherine's; and when you have familiarized her mind to the idea, I will talk to her more seriously, and if I think the time is come, will propose her publicly professing herself a Catholic; but perhaps it will be wiser to let her enter first as boarder with her family. I should fear Agatha's opposition, but that my influence has now thrown her's quite into the shade. As to Clara, she shall either accompany her mother, or follow her shortly as circumstances may render most advisable."

"And I," said the Baroness, "will try what I can do with Agatha,—she does seem to me born for a religious life, and it will be a true kindness if I can make her see this. As in her situation marriage is nearly out of the question, a convent is in every way the most desirable residence for her. Oh, I shall yet succeed, I do hope!"

The Abbè smiled and shook his head, "Always confident of success, beforehand, my dear sanguine cousin!" said he. "Well, well, may it all be as you wish," and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he nodded farewell, and left the Baroness to cogitate her plans.

(To be continued.)

The Lady's Literary Circular :

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

NUPTIAL ODE. By W. E. AYTOUN. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE *Times* has endorsed with praise and recommendation, and Mr. Thackeray, in the *Cornhill*, has complimented this Nuptial Ode by Professor Aytoun ; which, therefore, might be expected to satisfy the ordinary reader, who has purchased the verse thus heralded, in the hope that at least one good man and true had been found among the clan of versifiers whom the late happy event have inspired. And yet, we believe, there was never less of sweetness, of originality, of grace, or of its opposite, ruggedness and strength, in four hundred lines than in Mr. Aytoun's Nuptial Ode. To read the Epithalamium of Spencer, the compliments of Leigh Hunt, or the votive offering of the poet Laureate, and then turn to this last attempt at celebrating a royal marriage, is

"As moonlight is to sunlight,
Or as water is to wine,"

in the unfavourable impression created. But if Professor Aytoun lacks poetry, he is prepared with a full measure of loyalty, we might almost write, of adulation, which ought to leaven any amount of rhyme, and which assuredly possesses a sort of power of its own, which we frankly acknowledge. We allude to that power which carries back our minds to the time when poets had patrons and kings a court jester, and when a writer's pen, according to the fashion then in vogue, might put down words which were more applicable to gods and goddesses than to mortal princes and princesses. In noticing occasional verse, the reviewer has little more to say, than to indicate any speciality of the piece under notice, as the theme is one generally understood ; thus having directed notice to Mr. Aytoun's ode, we have only to add that whilst it is, altogether, better than the very silly one by Martin Tupper, its merits or defects are neither conspicuous, and it might have very well passed away with its occasion, but for the undeserved praise which brought it into notice, and the ultra-courtier-like tone of its diction ; these causes together, are likely to preserve it in posterity's amber like the things "neither rich nor rare," to which Alexander Pope refers in his well known couplet. The gold of Mr. Tennyson's simplicity,

"Welcome her all things youthful and sweet,

Welcome her, welcome her all that is ours,"

might well have been beaten out into more gold leaves, but short as is the Laureate's welcome, it sounds sweetly as the marriage bells which inspired it, and it is as plain as the golden circlet which the Princess wore when she left St. George's Chapel.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAY. (Freeman, London.)

THERE is not more sunshine in the world than lighted town and country fifty years ago, and yet it is an unquestioned fact, that humanity gets more of the brightness of the skies now than then. The tax has been taken off windows, railway cuttings have carried sweet air through crowded streets, and legislation and public opinion have opened a way for the passage of air and light into the dwellings of rich and poor. And the same movement, with regard to *mind* has been in progress. Holiday sunshine has its value: it always had; but until lately it was not much appreciated. Now, what with the stimulus of rifle meetings and the accommodation of excursion trains, England appears likely, once again to be "Merrie England," and the curious may note how correctly the architecture of an era marks the national mind. Almost all the ugliest buildings in London and other towns are those erected during the last half of the eighteenth and first half of the present century—squareness, bare utility, and gloom housed together for a hundred years. Before then London was picturesque and the people cheerful; and now again the most casual observer of new buildings—mansions, manufactories, shops, cottages, hospitals, hotels, prisons—must be sensible that in outward elegance and internal convenience great progress has been made during the last dozen years. And, marking this real and satisfactory building progress, the people are growing merry as well as wise. They work well and willingly, but they will have also their play time, their "Summer Holiday;" and happy are all who prepare themselves, like the author of this little work, to enjoy it, as he very aptly says, "*like a bather*, who, before he plunges into the stream, leaves behind him on the river bank the clothes which every-day habit compels him to wear." Thus leaving all his cares, anxieties, and petty work-a-day troubles in Bristol, the author started for Tenby, and there he rambles on the beach, makes excursions to the neighbouring antiquities, talks sentiment, and otherwise sees and does all that was proper and natural to be seen and done during a "Summer Holiday." No one can object to this pleasant book, or object to the writer's observations and conclusions; but it has only one merit: it is full of a genial *holiday-spirit*, which makes the reader like the author—like Tenby—like the "Summer Holiday:" and yet there was nothing to say, nothing more than might have formed a fit subject for letters to a personal friend; nothing the world wants to know or does not know, nothing, in fact that should be provided whenever an author proposes to entertain the public with a Book. We may here just mention that the

author persists in admiring a passage of poetry by Mr. Alexander Smith : now it always has been admired, and deserves to be, but as regards originality the particular passage quoted is but an inversion of an image by an earlier writer.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS' ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOK. (Routledge & Co.)

FUN for boys, and sentiment, flowers, and fairy stories for little girls, make up an interest in common for the youngsters of either sex, and the very numerous illustrations by renowned artists, such as Harrison Weir, Watson, Wolf, Phiz, Crowquill, etc., are either entertainingly droll, pretty, or curious, so we cheerfully agree with a couplet in the volume—

"Here's a book ! here's a book ! children come round,
Wisdom and Mirth here united are found !"

The plan of the work is one that suits little learners of the Alphabet, for that most useful stepping-stone to knowledge is iterated with illustrations. A to Z, first, comically, by "A was an *Archer*, etc.;" next, by floral emblems, *Anemones* to *Yellow-Lily* and *Zinia*; then again from *Antelope* to *Zebra*, to introduce *animals*; and last, *Albatross* to a very uncommon bird the name of which begins with Z. Here then is a *Fantasia* on the Alphabet, illustrated by objects very beautifully executed of Birds, Beasts, Flowers, and Fairies which all children love, and which only little dunces will not quickly learn and enjoy. Then as they advance, comes the greater delight of reading the Rhymes and Fairy Stories which follow; and what rounding of bright young eyes will take place as they see "The Giant Hands," or "Giant *Strength* vainly struggling against the Dwarf *Reason*;" or, turning to the marvellous, learn how *Patty's Pitcher* became a good Fairy, who made *Patty* a happy Princess, and did as many wonderful things for its mistress, as the famous lamp did for its master *Aladdin*. Of course, *Mamma* and *Papa* are not forgotten, and "The Little Boy and the Stars" inculcates the very proper moral that obedience is a virtue that should be common to children as it is to stars, who "listen and obey." The illustration to this song is very pretty—

"Where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane !"

and so are very many others; indeed we should add, each of the stories is charmingly told by the engravings, which are new and original.

This very excellent gift-book is the companion of "Popular Nursery Tales and Rhymes," which introduced a new era in children's publications, by employing artists and giving illustrations of an order of merit and finish never before attempted. The great and deserved success of the first five shilling volume has produced this one lately published, which is worthy a place, side by side, with the first. The first book contained a collection of the stories which in "our fathers' fathers' time" were sung

in English nurseries, whilst the present volume seeks in a new, but *parallel path*, to lead children through the same Fairy Land, teaching morality by the way, like a modern Professor out in the fields, teaching his students entomology, or botany, etc.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN; A CYCLOPÆDIA OF WOMAN'S WORK. By VIRGINIA PENNY. (Boston, America.)

ARGUMENT and statistics are in favour of women having a larger field for winning bread than as yet they occupy in most countries, although if the work that woman does in each were approved in Great Britain there would be a fair opportunity for the sex. The watch-work in Switzerland, the multitudinous employments in France and America, and the special permission which woman has to labour in various other civilized countries, without being thought to "o'erstep the modesty of her nature," all have good grounds for consideration, if not for adoption, and the collection of all such employments into a Manual or Cyclopædia like the present, has a tendency to bring about the wished for result. The work has a present value, all the greater as it makes a timely appearance, whilst philanthropists and others are opening their doors wider and wider to give the fair candidates a fair trial, and to such of our friends we confidently recommend "The Employment of Women," as a reference book that contains much information carefully arranged.

THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS, AND THE ENGLISH POETS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. (Chapman & Hall.)

A COLLECTION of prose essays written twenty-one years ago, and published in a weekly literary journal, these papers possess all the greater interest as being little known by the general readers of Mrs. Browning's poems. They bear the impress of the same rare thought and fancy which have made her poetry famous, and deserve a place on the same literary shelf.

A WELCOME: Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose. (Faithfull & Co., London.)

MISS ISA CRAIG keeps the place she won by her prize poem on Burns, and her verses in the present collection are placed honourably in the front. Edwin Arnold, Sydney Dobel, A. Trollope, Professor Kingsley, and other bearers of distinguished names, bring each their brick or stone to the building of this temple dedicated to Welcome and Royalty, whilst ladies, loving the marriage-subject have assisted in the erection with corner stones of their best workmanship. Judged by the standard of miscellaneous volumes, "A Welcome," is both good and handsome and is certainly a pretty gift book, which many a lover will select for its happy subject. It is beautifully printed and elegantly bound.

Our Orchestra Stall.

MARCH 10, 1863.

ON Tuesday, the wedding-day of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, all the London Theatres were opened, *free*, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, at an expense to the Government of some £3000. At most of the houses the National Anthem was sung, and some Ode or Epithalamium delivered.

At the LYCEUM, Miss Elsworth, as *Britannia*, spoke some verses; there was a view of Windsor, and the Chorale by the late Prince Consort was performed. But the most ambitious attempt was a masque, "*Freya's Gift*," the words by Mr. Oxenford, the music by Mr. Macfarren. The Covent Garden stage showed the English coast overhung by a dense mist, which disperses during the singing of a chorus behind the scenes; an extensive view of the sea being revealed, with the ancient Danish ships standing in close for shore. From one of these descends and lands *Freya*, the Scandinavian Goddess of Love and Peace, and sings a long recitative, followed by a ballad, "An English Home." A dance succeeds, and Love, Peace, Plenty, Hymen, Britannia, Spring, Music, Poetry, and History take part with the bold peasantry, whilst the Danish and English Anthems bring the masque to a conclusion.

MARCH 11.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

"*Aurora Floyd*," dramatised from Miss Braddon's novel by Mr. C. S. Cheltnan, produced. It follows the story of the novel very closely, to which we need not refer, having given a brief review of the work in our "LITERARY CIRCULAR." The piece is full of dramatic interest, and has attracted much public attention, especially through the acting of Mr. Belmore in the part of Hargreaves, a stable help, who is made the *deux ex machina* throughout the plot.

MARCH 18.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

"*Aurora Floyd*," a version by Mr. B. Webster, jun., and essentially different, in its dramatic arrangement, from the piece running at the Princess's, produced, and received with deserved applause. Mr. Webster, sen., plays the part of *Softy*, the ostler, and Miss Avonia Jones, the character of *Aurora*. We should mention that these adaptations from the novel, at this house and at the Princess's, are made with the sanction of Miss Braddon.

MARCH 19.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"*Taming the Truant*," produced. It is an elegant little bit of comedy. Mr. *Flutter*, residing in the country, but having business cares in London, is one of those naughty butterflies who think the flowers he sees in his zigzag flight sweeter and prettier than the rose of a wife he has rooted in his dull, country home. And he finds excuses (business engagements?) to remain in town when he should take the fast train to the country and Mrs. *Flutter*. But he is adroitly cured by a certain Mrs. Howard, his wife's experienced friend, whose plans are completely successful; for, in the disguise of an Italian lady, Mr. *Flutter*'s own wife captivates the notice of

Mr. Flutter, and, by a series of pleasant improbabilities, he is blindfolded in his own house, has an interview with the fair Italian, and awakens to a full sense of his own inferiority, generally, to his wife and Mrs. Howard; they are wittier and cleverer than he now can think himself, and, as his adventures prove, Mrs. Flutter was exactly the charming woman that could engage his butterfly fancy, as well as his better affections. The ladies being triumphant, are, therefore, merciful conquerors, and the country house is no longer dull from its master's absence.

MARCH 23.—VICTORIA THEATRE.

"*The Engineer*," written by Mr. G. Bolton, the clever author of "*The Shadow on the Hearth*," produced. This excellent piece has attracted general criticism, as it has general success. The keystone of its plot is the character of George Stephenson, the railway engineer, who under the name of *Evanson*, is the hero of the piece, and who overcomes the evil necessary in all dramas by the good genius which carried Stephenson, in real life, through all difficulties triumphantly. As a sign of the times, this drama is a good sign. It shows that healthy sentiment can create healthy emulation, and satisfy play-goers with life-pictures; for the scenes and incidents, the localities and the action of the drama are as closely taken from authentic biography as possible. The piece will have, and must have a long run, and cannot but do good social service. The new management in showing wisdom have found luck and success.

MARCH 26.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Amateur Performance by the Queen's Westminster Rifle Corps. Two pieces, written by Members of the Corps (a pun might be made of these words) were acted, and, as burlesques, had considerable merit. Their titles were, "*The Chinese Invasion of 1860*," and "*Misplaced Affections*," and the acting, even after "*Friends or Foes*," by the professional actors, was much enjoyed and applauded.

EASTER MONDAY PIECES.

APRIL 8.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The new piece here, following "*Much ado about Nothing*," was "*The Manager and his Friends*," a sketch by Mr. Stirling Coyne, who, following the example of pantomime writers, has shown us "*Mr. Buckstone at Home*," cogitating over the proposals of an Easter novelty. The end is the manager decides, after hearing the claims of various popular characters—Mazeppa, Hamlet, Jeanie Deans, Ballet, etc., etc., to be burlesqued, to exhibit a dozen fine pictures of the east, by Mr. Telbin, who illustrates the late tour of the Prince of Wales. In this decision the manager is helped by no less august personage than *Britannia*, who, besides ruling the waves, is thus made to rule opinions nearly as fluctuating as the billows. The Panorama is accompanied by music from Beethoven, Rossini, etc.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

After "*Killing Time*," a trifle by Mr. Maddison Morton, in which a lady at Tunbridge Wells, confined to that delightful locality by six weeks rainy weather, admits a stranger (Mr. George Vining) to her house on a mere pretext, and afterwards wishes to get rid of him but can't, followed the burlesque, written by Mr. Byron, "*Beautiful Haidee*," it is illustrated with delightful scenery, painted by Mr. Lloyds, the artist whose pictures in *Endymion* brought him celebrity. The plot is meant to be incongruous, and is so. Lord Byron's Haidee has attentions paid her by Lord Bateman, who jilts Lurline, the sea nymph. The three stories thus

referred to form the groundwork, which is lightly embroidered by the author's own fancy. The several scenes are poetical and effective, and greatly contribute to the success the piece has obtained.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"*Actis and Galatea*," by Mr. F. C. Burnand, here pleased the holiday audience, and made them laugh. The scenes are painted by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. A lover and an ogre, Strephon, Damon, and Phyllis, passion twisted like a gutta serena face by cross purposes, and punning allusions to passing characters and events, make up this novelty.

STRAND THEATRE.

"*Ali Baba and the Thirty-Nine Thieves*," is the name of the burlesque, by Mr. Byron, here produced. As usual, the words to popular airs, and the puns on notorious people and current topics, are the means employed to "bring down the house," and this also, "as usual," is done by the author in his new piece. It will be noticed that Mr. Byron has not strictly adhered to the old title and legend. The Forty Thieves become Thirty-Nine, a change accounted for by the "author's habit of taking one off." There is wit for you, my masters!

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

For farce writers, it would seem, there is no holy ground. They take not off their shoes wherever they tread—Shakespeare is trampled upon, Scott trodden ruthlessly under foot, poesy, memory, and pleasant associations tossed about like hay in a hayfield, and, although like hay they may not lose their sweetness in the process, yet it is from no fault of the boors who pitchfork the best productions of every country's literature. The above remarks have been excited by the production at this theatre of "*Circumstantial Effie Deans*," in which Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. Rogers, both lately at the STRAND, burlesque a pathetic story, which might and should have been spared the indignity of such popularity.

The same story is laughed over at the VICTORIA THEATRE, and it is not a little singular that the new management at two houses have made the same mistake, while otherwise the character of both theatres has been raised to an extraordinary degree. Perhaps such an error of judgment should be attributed to the fact that very successful pieces are running at the houses, and so may make their managers less careful than they might have been. Had the STRAND perpetrated the irreverence, the public would have excused the management, of which the motto is, "spare nobody or anything."

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

MARCH 1ST.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 2D.—MONDAY.

Sculpture Exhibition.—Arrangements for an annual exhibition in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, Kensington, has been made, under the charge of the Sculptors' Institute, to take place in May.

Alpine Club.—First number published of its quarterly Journal.

MARCH 3D.—TUESDAY.

Royal Academy.—Henry Weekes, Esq., and Wm. Boxall, Esq., elected Academicians, and Mr. Henry Le Jeune, Associate.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—Paper read "On the Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames."

MARCH 4TH.—WEDNESDAY.

The Postage Stamps of this year cost £30,000. Paper, gumming, and folding, £19,000; Salaries to Officials, £5000; Poundage to Distributors, nearly £5000.

MARCH 5TH.—THURSDAY.

Shakespeare.—Mr. J. Payne Collier, in a letter of this date to the "Athenæum," supports his opinion that "A Yorkshire Tragedy" was written by Shakespeare, by a recently discovered document which is to be reprinted.

OBITUARY.—Mr. George Cooke, the comedian (in sailor parts), of a high rank in his profession, died.

MARCH 6TH.—FRIDAY.

John Westland Marston.—The Senate of Glasgow University have conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the author of "The Patrician's Daughter."

Archæological Institute.—At the meeting this evening Mr. Wynne, M.P., exhibited some MSS. of the fourteenth century, the poems of the BARD TALIESSIN.

MARCH 7TH.—SATURDAY.

Entry of Princess Alexandra.—British Museum closed.

MARCH 8TH.—SUNDAY.

OBITUARY.—Miss Fanny Young died. As an actress she played with Macready in his farewell performances, and was engaged by Mr. Charles Dickens when the tour was undertaken in aid of the "Guild of Literature and Art."

MARCH 9TH.—MONDAY.

Wood Carving.—This art is obtaining recognition and patronage, and prizes are offered for the best specimens by the Architectural Museum, Kensington, and by the "Society of Wood Carvers." The latter exhibit at the Sculptors' Institute, Conduit Street.

Geographical Society.—The President informed the meeting he had received a communication which gave some hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Petherick were still alive.

Syro-Egyptian Society.—Drawings exhibited by Mr. Bonomi of great interest and antiquity, and which distinctly set forth a kind of ancestral worship in Egypt like that practised in China at the present time.

Institute of British Architects.—Paper read by the Rev. Dr. Whewell, "On some analogies between Architecture and the other Fine Arts."

MARCH 10TH.—TUESDAY.

British Museum.—Closed for holiday.

The London Theatres.—Free to the public, on the occasion of the marriage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

English Opera House.—An *Allegorical Masque*, the words by Mr. Oxenford, the music by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, "Freya's Gift," produced. It is published by Messrs. Lamburn, Cock, & Co., and as a wedding composition forms a pleasant souvenir of the day.

MARCH 11TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Architects' Benevolent Society.—Annual general meeting.

Polytechnic Institution.—"Burning to death and saving from death," is the title of a new lecture here, in which a be-crinolined lay figure is lighted and her clothes consumed, whereas a living person in a dress stiffened with incombustible starch, sweeps across the flames uninjured.

Society of Arts.—Paper read, by Commander Pim, "On an International Transit Route through Nicaragua."

OBITUARY.—Sir James Outram died, aged fifty-eight. The career of this distinguished soldier and generous man has earned for him a place in Westminster Abbey, the esteem of the nation, and a brilliant page in history.

MARCH 12TH.—THURSDAY.

Acclimatization progresses very satisfactorily in Melbourne, Victoria. The plants, animals, and birds of the dear old countries thrive generally.

MARCH 13TH.—FRIDAY.

The Institute of Painters in Water Colours, is the new name of the old society which called itself "The New Society of Painters in Water Colours."

Royal Institution.—Paper read "On Fogs and Fog Signals."

Astronomical Society.—Several papers read.

MARCH 14TH.—SATURDAY.

Statistical Society.—Anniversary meeting. Income for the year, £770; expenditure, £763. Colonel Sykes remains President.

MARCH 15TH.—SUNDAY.

Bridal Anthem, by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, performed at the Temple Church.

MARCH 16TH.—MONDAY.

New Theatres in London. A company associated with Mr. Boucicault have undertaken to build a new house in the Haymarket, whilst a second in Holborn will be erected by another proprietary.

Royal Irish Academy.—Annual general meeting.

Institute of British Architects.—Special general meeting. Medals awarded: the Royal Gold Medal to Mr. A. Salvin; the Soane Medallion to Mr. G. A. Scappa. This last medal also entitles the winner to £50 if he goes abroad within three years.

MARCH 17TH.—TUESDAY.

Statistical Society.—Mr. Newmarch has resigned his duties as Honorary Secretary, and Editor of this Society's Journal. At this day's meeting, paper read "On the Recent Financial and Taxation Statistics of the United States."

MARCH 18TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Horticultural Society.—Camellia Show.

Weimar.—*Schiller's House* has become recently the property of the State. Well, Englishmen may console themselves in thinking our "Shakespeare's belongings" have been secured to the Nation without help from the State.

Society of Arts.—Paper read "On the Suppression and Extinction of Fires."

MARCH 19TH.—THURSDAY.

A Museum for Art and Industry, in Austria, has been founded for popular study and instruction, by the Emperor.

OBITUARY.—Thomas M'Nicholl has just died. As a writer in the "London Quarterly Review," and other journals of mark, his literary ability was widely known.

MARCH 20TH.—FRIDAY.

Royal Society of Musicians.—Annual anniversary and dinner.

MARCH 21ST.—SATURDAY.

Richter, Jean Paul Friederick.—The centenary birthday anniversary of this beloved German Poet celebrated.

English Opera, Covent Garden.—The season 1862-3 closed this evening. The lease of the present lessees extends only to next year.

Spirit Mediums.—Mr. J. A. Trollope, of Florence, writes to the "Athenæum" as to the measure of his belief on this subject. He says, the *physical* manifestations he has witnessed are utterly inexplicable, he believes, with any known physical laws. As regards *metaphysical* manifestations they have been very surprising; but in all, he thinks there was a bare possibility of deception being employed.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Charles Selby, the well-known actor, died, in his 62d year. He wrote many pieces which are still popular.

MARCH 22D.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 23D.—MONDAY.

"*Iron Times.*"—This daily London newspaper, published morning and evening, has ended its brief existence.

Institute of British Architects.—Paper read "On the Abbeys of Ireland," illustrated by original sketches.

MARCH 24TH.—TUESDAY.

Duomo at Florence.—The prize competition for the façade has not produced much result. The Committee decline to award the three first premiums, but give the three minor ones, and make honourable mention of six other designs. A new competition is proposed.

Architectural Museum, South Kensington.—The new session inaugurated by Mr. President Beresford Hope, who reviewed "The Condition and Prospects of Architectural Art."

OBITUARY.—Dr. Tweedie, minister of the Free Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, died. He was the author of several widely circulated religious books.

MARCH 25TH.—WEDNESDAY.

A New Vocal Society, to consist of male singers only (about eighty), is proposed, for glee and part singing, etc.

MARCH 26TH.—THURSDAY.

Society of Sculptors.—First Annual Exhibition, 8 Conduit Street.

MARCH 27TH.—FRIDAY.

Mr. Disraeli has been elected to the vacant chair, left by Lord Lansdowne, as Trustee of the British Museum.

MARCH 28TH.—SATURDAY.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—Forty-eighth anniversary. The Earl of Carnarvon, chairman.

Royal Society.—First evening reception.

MARCH 29TH.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 30TH.—MONDAY.

The National Gallery Trustees have come into possession of Mr. Lewis's bequest of £10,000. With the money, they had to accept, as a condition, the portrait of Mr. Lewis's father, a comedian and companion of George IV.

MARCH 31ST.—TUESDAY.

Mr. Frith's Wedding Picture is to be painted for Her Majesty for £3000, whilst the artist will receive £5000 from Mr. Flatou for the right to engrave it.

Freedom in a Casket.—The London Corporation have ordered a cinque-cento gold and enamel casket, cost £250, as a case to contain the Freedom of the City to be presented to the Prince of Wales.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—Paper read "On Structures in the Sea without Cofferdams."

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

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